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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 820 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1922. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

Vicious Slander on our Prince

By Appointments *To H.M. The King.*

ALL'S WELL—IF IT IS NESTLÉ'S

The well-known risks in using ordinary milk are entirely avoided by using Nestlé's. The name stands for the richest milk and perfect purity. Nestlé's never varies in quality—it always has all its original cream. It comes to you as fresh as a daily dairy supply and without the risk of contamination in transit. All's well with the milk—if it is

NESTLÉ'S ENGLISH OR SWISS MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash prices 7d. and 1/1½d. per tin.

If unsweetened milk is preferred demand

"IDEAL"

Packed by Nestlé's

3½d. & 9½d.

Milks offered at other prices are not guaranteed by us.

Compare the thick even richness of Nestlé's with the thinner, watery or sugary consistency of other milks.

Imitations always benefit the seller: never you.

A very large proportion of the numerous male staff at our 7 important Condenseries established *in this country* are ex-service men. As no less than 30% of these were discharged unfit from the Army and Navy, requests for our *English* Milk assist British labour, British agriculture and the livelihood of ex-service men, a large number of whom were disabled in the service of their country.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

OUR BARGAINS ARE THE TALK OF ENGLAND

The lead set by the **Universal Stores of Manchester**, in continually putting before the public new and astounding bargains, is being freely discussed and causing astonishment in almost every home in England.

One of the latest and most surprising bargains now being offered is this handsome and wonderful 30-day all-brass clock: wonderful because it goes for 30 days and 30 nights with only once winding, handsome because it is the most attractive looking all-brass clock ever made.

The time keeping qualities of this clock need no comment: having such a wonderful movement and being built on the principle of an observatory clock, it is as accurate as human hands can make it.

Our price for a limited time is only 30/- each. Every clock sent well packed in a box free, and carriage paid to any address in the British Isles.

It is impossible to spend 30/- to better advantage. These magnificent clocks are worth at least £3 3s. each, so send your order without delay to make sure of getting one.

You run no risk of loss or disappointment in dealing with the Universal Stores of Manchester (established 20 years), and your money will be refunded in full if you are not delighted with your bargain.

The Universal Stores (Manchester), Ltd.

Treasury Notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed "& Co.," and made payable to The Universal Stores, Ltd.

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The Trade Supplied. Enquiries Invited

BLANKETS FOR THE WINTER

Direct from the Mills to You.

25,000 PAIRS GIVEN AWAY FREE

We have 75,000 Pairs of Rich White Rochdale Blankets, size 60 x 80 in. for double beds, with strong whipped edges. These Blankets are thoroughly dependable in wear and are an exceptional bargain. In order to clear our stocks we are offering at the special low price of 2 PAIRS for 30/- Worth double. We are anxious that the public should avail themselves of this remarkable offer, and as an advertisement we will send to every customer sending for two pairs of Blankets one pair of Blankets absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

Take advantage of this exceptional bargain and send TO-DAY. Goods sent carriage paid. Your money refunded if not absolutely satisfied. A sample pair 12/-.

SEND 30/- TO-DAY

WOOD & CO. (Dept. J.B.)
35-37, Dickinson Street,
MANCHESTER.

Ringworm

Cured in a Week by Germolene. A Remarkable Case.

The reason why Germolene, the new aseptic skin dressing, has so decisively superseded all the old antiseptic ointments is because it is never used without carrying out its first promise—it soothes at a touch. All skin disorders—eczema, itching rashes, such as impetigo and ringworm—give way at once before its comforting, cleansing, and healing influence. At the same time it has no drastic corrosive action. The following case is quite typical of the rapidity and effectiveness of its influence in the case of ringworm.

Mrs. Bettison, Quarry-road, Wells Hill, Royston, near Barnsley, praises Germolene unstintedly for the wonderful care of her two little children, who suffered from ringworm. For four months her little boy and girl suffered from this malady. In the case of the boy all his hair was destroyed, and Mrs. Bettison tried every remedy that was recommended to her in vain until she used Germolene. Then, almost from the first dressing, the ringworm began to disappear, and a complete cure was effected within a month. Then the baby was attacked by the complaint, but Germolene was applied at once, and the ringworm was cured within a week. Mrs. Bettison says she does not know what she would do without Germolene. She has found it so useful for cuts, sores, itchings, and all sorts of little wounds in her family that its presence in the medicine cupboard has become essential.

Germolene is prepared at the wonderfully equipped laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, the home of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Cough Cure. Sold at 3/- per tin (smaller size 1/3), by all chemists.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

is both warming and re-invigorating.

Famous since 1740.

In bottles from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the NAME on the Label.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finsbury, London, E.C.1

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THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved address for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

7/6 with order

The **KNIVES** are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Pyorette handles. Carver Blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel to keep correct Fourbladed Spoons and Colombian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

Service Comprises:

1 pr Carvers	2 Table Spoons
6 Table Knives	1 Jam Spoon
6 Table Forks	1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Knives	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks	1 pr Soup Ladles
6 Dessert Spoons	Price
6 Tea Spoons	without 90/-
6 Egg Spoons	case

CATALOGUE of finest Sheffield Cutlery (Antique Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 3d. a tin.

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY & EFFECTIVELY

URACE RELIEVES PAIN OVERNIGHT.

The cause of Rheumatism is in the blood, and you cannot expel it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations or burn it out with impregnated wadding or wash it out with medicated water. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

Scientists were years searching for a compound which would do this, and only recently a specific known to doctors and chemists as URACE was brought to perfection. URACE clears the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. No other remedy can do this. This is why URACE succeeds when scores of so-called cures, such as spas, appliances, belts, and treatments, and cure-alls have failed. That is why URACE is so freely prescribed and supported by the Medical Profession. Get your supply to-day.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

Urace Tablets are sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITE-FIELDS, and all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box or direct, post free from The Urace Laboratories, 75, Wardour Mews, Shaw Street, London, W.C.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
Neuralgia Sciatica Nerve Pains
Lumbago Rheumatism Kidney Troubles
Gout Backache Sciatica

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From Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

IN TINS, 4½d. 8d. 1/9

ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies,

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain.
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 820. Week ending Saturday, February 18th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

That General Election.

"Allenby Resigns"—"India Disaffected"—"Raids on Ulster"—"Growing Unemployment"—"Increased Taxes"! What hopes of a General Election while these and similar items fill the bill? Ask L. G.!

After the Axe.

The chief lesson of the Geddes Report is that Treasury "control" of finance has broken down and that we must have a Budget Committee of the Commons to scrutinise expenditure in detail. They manage these things better in France.

A Threatened Resignation.

An early result of the Report has been a threat from Sir Laming Worthington Evans that if the proposed "cut" is applied in its entirety to the War Office, he will at once resign. And there will be others.

Rest after Labour.

Meanwhile, Sir Eric, the weary Titan of the piece, is getting ready for a nice holiday abroad. Good luck to him!

"Sack the Lot!"

Talking about the Axe, when is it to fall, metaphorically of course, on the neck of the Policewoman? There was something to be said for her during war time. Now she has become a curiosity—and not even an attractive one at that. Surely when ex-Service men are being sacked from Whitehall, we ought to get rid of this unprepossessing survival of the past.

A Sinister Alliance.

Watch Pussyfoot! The General Election is coming some time, and Labour has no funds for its candidates. We say positively that an effort is being made to subsidise its war chest from Pussyfoot sources. We *hope* it will be unsuccessful.

Cocoa and the Caucus.

In this connection, remember that the brewers are not the only capitalists with a "trade" interest in Temperance legislation. The cocoa millionaires are vitally concerned also.

Police "Vigilance."

We congratulate Mr. Septimus Cockerton, a Salvation Army Staff Captain, upon his complete exoneration from the charge of annoying women in Hyde Park, in respect of which he was recently convicted and fined at the Marlborough Street Police Court. In future, perhaps, Mr. Denman will not be quite so ready to accept without question the evidence of police officers who have been told to "keep their eyes open" for a certain class of crime.

Cheaper Theatre Seats.

We thought they would come! Daly's have led the way by reducing stalls, balcony seats and pit. So it *can't* be that tax after all!

Bolshies on the Brain.

When his Grace of Northumberland says, in *The Patriot*, that there is no distinguishing between the moderate men and the extremists in the Labour movement, he utters not merely nonsense, but dangerous nonsense. This is the very sort of stuff to drive sane, moderate reformers into the arms of the wild men.

FOR ONLY TEN
FOOTBALL RESULTS
£1,000
MUST BE WON.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Alternative Leaders.

The question is, who will be the new leader when Mr. Lloyd George retires? Lord Derby or "F. E."—Lord Grey or Winston—Chamberlain or Bonar Law? We know whom *we* should make favourite.

Gulling the Public.

There is an interesting clause in the Order just issued under the Wild Birds Protection Acts, to the effect that "killing or taking of the gull—all species—on Sundays and Christmas Day and Good Friday is prohibited throughout the administrative county of Northumberland." What about Bank Holidays?

The Path of Decadence.

Before we share Mr. Churchill's enthusiasm for State-aided emigration, we must have details of his plan. It will not do to export our best to the Dominions, leaving the C3's at home to propagate an unfit race.

The Only Way.

Mr. Shortt is very disturbed lest the legal victory of the Golden Ballot promoters has "shown the way to gangs of swindlers to defeat the authorities." The remedy is simple. License genuinely conducted lotteries and shut down the others.

Our Elected Persons.

So only six per cent. of the unemployed have been found work on relief schemes. The other 94 per cent. are all drawing the dole. Yet, as we have pointed out, there is work for tens of thousands of men in repairing our disgraceful apologies for roads. No wonder Walt Whitman talked of "the never-ending audacity of elected persons."

Margot Again.

Who was it said that Mrs. Asquith was "the grandmother of the modern flapper," and doesn't he deserve an O.B.E. at least?

Unemployment.

This is still *the* problem—everything else, compared with it, sinks into insignificance. And yet the Channel Tunnel and the canals remain untouched!

A Soviet Paradise.

According to the *Daily Herald*, starving Russia is now feeding on human corpses. And yet our contemporary still sings the praises of soviet government!

Those Weather Experts.

We have a friend who always leaves his umbrella at home when the weather forecasts say rain—and who always, when crossing the Channel, chooses a day when the papers describe the probable state of the sea as rough. And he is usually right!

An Overdue Degree.

Following the memorial recently addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and signed by upwards of 300 Members of Parliament, for a degree to be conferred upon Mr. H. A. Barker for his services to humanity, we understand that a similar petition has now been sent to the Prime Minister—this time signed by some of London's leading surgeons and physicians. Come, come, P.M.!

The Wakeford Case.

For cool and handsome cheek commend us to the *Sunday Express*, which now claims that, but for *its* efforts, the "Girl in the Cathedral" would never have been discovered. We have always thought that a statue of George Washington might appropriately be erected in Fleet Street.

Haldane Again!

"People who do not belong to the labouring class at all are flocking into the ranks of Labour. University teachers and professors are becoming Labour Candidates," says Lord Haldane, which is precisely what we have pointed out. The Party is becoming a junta of high-brows. It grows less and less representative of the manual workers.

A Powerful Plea.

Next week we shall publish a wonderful article from the pen of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., who from the standpoint of his long and eminent practice at the Criminal Bar will urge the appointment of a Public Defender—a step we have consistently advocated. None should miss this great barrister's stirring human appeal.

Grousing in the Guards?

We venture to hope there is no truth in the stories which have reached us of undue pressure being brought to bear upon men in the Brigade of Guards to subscribe shillings towards the presentation of a diamond star to Princess Mary on her marriage. It would not be greatly to the credit of any Guardsman to refuse this tribute, but we feel sure Viscount Lascelles would be the first to deprecate compulsion.

Hellcas at Hull.

Instead of handing over its telephone system to that many-headed and often muddle-headed concern called the State, Hull decided to run its own service in its own way. The result is that, instead of having a rotten service at a high rate, the city has made a profit of £4,000 odd on a charge of a penny a call. It is sometimes said nowadays that the penny is out of date, but it is obviously a coin to be coveted in Hull.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Bilking Tommies.

According to the Geddes Report, the British taxpayer is paying £80,000 per year in in respect of five men—*i.e.*, five Naval Commanders-in-Chief, Admirals all, who retain their retinue of servants though on shore! And this during the very time when Jack and Tommy are having their pensions and allowances cut down every week on any possible pretext. It is scandalous.

The Day and the Say.

A distinguished journalist has just drawn attention to the fact that the Premier now makes all his speeches on Saturdays, thus securing publication in that evening's papers, those of Sunday and also of Monday. Just the thing that stamps the little Welshman as a master-politician. But for ourselves we are more concerned with the matter of the speech, and Mr. Lloyd George has really not said much lately worth noticing in JOHN BULL.

Those Superior Teachers.

Mr. W. G. Cove, Vice-President of the National Union of Teachers, is very upset because organised Labour doesn't care a continental (of course, he doesn't put it that way) whether teachers are properly paid or not. Very regrettable: but one reason, Mr. Cove, is to be found in the "you-be-damned" attitude which some high and mighty teachers adopt to parents. After all, it is these who pay—though in State Schools they have, shameful to say, no control.

The Farce of Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain, the Leader of the House of Commons, has put down a Motion under which the Government will take all the time of the House up to March 31st. This reduces the status of the average M.P. to that of a walking machine, whose only function is to trot into the lobby after the right Whip, when he has come up into the House from the smoke-room below. He has no responsibility for the business, but leaves it all to the Government. Is it worth while paying a man £400 a year for this?

Mercenary Miners.

Against the many heroic tales of miners when their comrades are in danger may be set the dastardly selfish conduct of Owen Murphy and Arthur Ingram, of Sunderland. Apparently because it was easiest, these greedy fools got their coal from the sides of already sufficiently wide workings, endangering other lives by undermining roof-props. The fine of £5 should certainly have been coupled with a dose of jail.

Our Post Haste P.O.

An officer aboard a vessel moored in the East India Dock, whose wife was dangerously ill in a nursing home at Cheltenham, was wired to by the matron to come post haste. The wire, which was dispatched at 11.56 a.m., did, not reach the unfortunate man till 8.30 p.m. in consequence of which he arrived 20 minutes after the poor woman had expired. The official excuse was that two telegraph boys had been aboard the ship and failed to find anyone. And yet there were, in addition to that officer, four men working on deck. As our informant asks, "Is it any use sending telegrams under such conditions?"

How would you make London *brighter*?

FIVE PRIZES OF £10 EACH
and many others are offered for the best answers to this and other "QUEERIES."
Full particulars in this week's
"PASSING SHOW" & "LONDON MAIL"
On Sale Everywhere :: :: 2d.

Those Costly Schools.

According to a contemporary, a Bailie and two Town Councillors were each fined £2, including expenses, in Glasgow Sheriff's Court recently, for not purchasing books for their children—whereby they were unable to obtain sufficient education under the Education Act. If this sort of thing goes on, only rich folk will be able to send their children to free schools.

A "Sacred" Bond.

The world, which condemns the unmarried mother, would probably applaud a woman who stated, at Old Street Court, that she had married the father for the child's sake. Yet her "husband" insisted on separation at the church door, he to allow her 15s. weekly! She sought a summons on his failure to pay even this beggarly sum. But what a ghastly travesty is such a "marriage," and what a future for the two parties to it!

Murder Made Easy.

The agitation to abolish Coroner's juries, which an evening contemporary supports, ought to be vigorously resisted. Once it is left to the Coroner to investigate the death of a human being—for the cause of which the doctor will not vouch—an inquest will have no more validity than the signing of a birth certificate or the witnessing of a document. It is precisely because the jury of twelve ordinary men, and not the Coroner, have to be satisfied that an inquest has still some importance. Left to the official, the Coroner's Officer may be deemed as good as his master, and the whole thing become a farce.

Burgess Hill Economists.

The Burgess Hill Urban District Council recently advertised for a male clerk, offering the magnificent wage of 25s. a week. The fact of the advertisement being repeated suggests that out-of-work scribes would rather remain so than accept such a miserable pittance. Coming from a Local Authority, the offer is an insult to clerical workers and a disgrace to those who made it.

Obdurate Mineowners.

The mineowners have decided to bar Pit Committees, and the Government Coal Mines Bill (Part II.) is to be dropped in consequence. It is a great mistake. There is but one alternative to these Committees—which, representing both sides, can amicably adjust disputes—and that is Nationalisation. We believe that would be a disaster—but it will come if the mineowners' unbending attitude is persisted in.

Golf and Godliness.

Blackburn golf clubs have sanctioned Sunday golf, and the Reverend George Denyer suggests that "Christian golfers" should protest by resigning. Now, though walking, cycling, swimming, skating and driving are all "sports" to some people, we wonder if Mr. Denyer would rebuke Christians who, in their anxiety to hear his discourse, walked, cycled or skated, swam or drove to church? The, to him, painful truth is that they don't.

A Poser for Pussyfoot.

What better example that reasonable and moderate indulgence in the cup that cheers is the most that the average person demands than Blackpool, where the "drunks" last year totalled 128—roughly one per thousand of the population—and the delinquents mostly holiday-making visitors? Yet when the residents apply, not for more drink, but another half-hour in which to be temperate, the fine record will probably count for nothing.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Brave Boy!

Little Allen Sidney Maxwell, of Mendelssohn Road, Woking, is as modest as he is brave. Trying to walk along the parapet of a bridge over Basingstoke Canal, a child of five tumbled into the water. Maxwell jumped in after him at peril of his own life, and having brought him safely ashore, made off as quickly as possible his clothes "freezing upon him in the icy wind." This he did, mark you, at 10 years of age. The Royal Humane Society will probably agree with us that he deserves one of their most conspicuous decorations.

Only a Pig.

When Henry Hayward, of Lindfield, was charged for cruelty to a pig by slitting its ear with a pocket-knife in order to mark it for slaughter, the callous brute told the Haywards Heath Magistrates that he had suffered a loss more than the pig in being brought before the on such a "trumpery charge." Strictly speaking, on his own argument, Hayward's ear ought to have been slit by the Magistrates to convince him that such acts really do hurt. Instead they fined him £2, including costs!

Protecting Sport.

All true sportsmen will endorse the action of the Dorset Association in suspending a football team for refusing to complete a game unless the referee reversed a decision—also in ordering the same Club to refuse further admission to two unruly spectators and to prosecute them unless they publicly apologised in the local Press. Sport must be protected from rowdyism, and it is up to the ruling authorities to do so.

The Fighting Parsons.

What will the ultra-puritans say to the suggested boxing match between the Reverend J. W. P. Silvester, of Wembley, and the Reverend T. Smith, of Greenhill, "Boy" McCormick acting as referee? But as the winner's parish gets the purse of £50, we see "no just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together (in fistic combat) till"—the referee says "Break!"

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

"A Scandal of the Footlights."

In a recent issue we exposed, under this heading, the machinations of one of the principal parasites of the theatrical profession, an individual calling himself Norman Ford. We are glad to hear that unfortunate members of the Company stranded at Rawtenstall were found employment by Mr. Rushton, the proprietor of the theatre there, who in other ways also had shown them kindness. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world"!

Cold Comfort for Curates.

Pity the poor curate; we do. According to Cocker, the stipends of Curates without residence in the London diocese are to be reduced in six months, though the stipends paid to Vicars in residence have recently been raised to £400 a year. What have the poor chaps done to deserve such scurvy mistreatment? If the Church of England has to wield the chopper, why not make a start by chopping the prelacy? For instance, an Archbishop with £15,000 a year could easily spare a bit.

"Is Wisi-ne About?"

A timely warning as to the shocking effect on the eyesight of excessive temperance comes from Liverpool. The Bishop of that city said, "Anyone could see from observations in the streets the growing prevalence of alcoholic excess." Then the Chief Constable made an official report that "drunks" were 25 per cent. less last year than in 1920, and 50 per cent. less than in 1913! There seems to be a vacancy for a first-class oculist in Liverpool.

Parks and Puritans.

Believing, as we do, that everybody, even London County Councillors, should have the courage of some of their convictions, we hereby lament that the Parks Committee, while admitting that there are abundant facilities in their parks for many games to be played on Sundays, make no recommendation in favour of them. In Battersea and Victoria Parks boating is allowed on Sundays, but not at Finsbury, Dulwich, and Southwark. As far as possible, all L.C.C. parks should be on the same footing in this respect. Puritans need not take part if they don't want to.

A Loss of British Breed.

It is a relief, after the long, sad chapter of heartrending cruelty to dumb things, to read of the deeds of Miss Joan Laithwood, during a fire at Alcumlow Farm, Congleton. The barn confining 34 cows was a mass of flame—the chains shackling the wretched animals burned the skin when touched. Yet, facing a horrible death if the blazing roof fell, this gallant lass successfully rescued all. A splendid achievement, well worthy its recognition by the R.S.P.C.A., who conferred on Miss Joan the highest medal award in their power.

Trumped.

A Kirkcudbright reader sent 25s. 6d. to one Theo. Trump, Askerlea, Lyme Regis, for a wristlet watch, which, having received and inspected, she promptly returned. Trump acknowledged its "safe" receipt, but, despite his pledge to that effect, did not return the cash, offering instead a variety of articles for further payments. After much correspondence, in May he refunded 12s. 6d. only, while in October he impudently asserted that the watch was "broken" when returned to him—adding "the police can't do anything"! How many other simpletons have similarly been tricked?

NOT FOR MEN—
2 Papers in 1
A complete fiction supplement; house management; a free paper pattern INSIDE and the greatest serial of the year with a £100 PRIZE for tracking a mysterious character are features of this week's "EVERYWOMAN'S."
Now on Sale :: :: :: 2d.
Tell your wife about it!

"If You See It——"

For years we have exposed the Mormon lie that "polygamy has ceased." For weeks several Rip Van Winkles of the Press, quite recently awakened, have followed suit. Still "President" Savage shamelessly denies the charge. But Lord Dewar, recently in Salt Lake City, saw a memorial to a Mormon who "lived happily and contentedly with 19 wives and 57 children"! The amount of "happiness and content" derived from a nineteenth share in a "husband" was not stated.

Fully for the Farmers.

One of the best items that the newspapers have recorded for a long time past is that some of the East Surrey farmers have combined to form a direct meat supply company. "Shops are to be opened in several villages"—why not towns?—and, provided that the necessary managerial talent is secured, the venture ought to be at once a huge success and a public benefit. It is on these lines, and not by State coddling, that we shall get back to prosperity.

The "Clever" Constable.

Some of the methods of the police are objectionable. A constable stated, at the London Sessions, that he obtained membership of the Streatham United Services Club for ex-Service men by using his brother's naval discharge paper. That his object was the legitimate one of discovering whether the Club was being used for the purposes of betting does not justify the illegality of the means. To contend that the police are entitled to break laws in order to capture law-breakers is arrant nonsense and a bad example to the public.

A Wise Decision.

The Corporation of Derby, having considered in a common-sense way our repeated protests against the ridiculously high rents of municipal houses, have wisely decided to reduce those under their control, and 1s. to 1s. 9d. has been knocked off in over 600 cases. Though the sum remitted is small, it will be a godsend to many of the tenants.

'Flu and Flam.

It would be interesting to know what is the precise purport on earth of the alleged Ministry of Health. There has never been an epidemic since its foundation in which it has helped the public to a cure or palliation. In the recent 'flu epidemic, for instance, the Ministry has done nothing except feed us up with melancholy statistics.

Business at Last.

How often have we invited the P.M.G. of the day to realise the huge revenue derivable from precious advertising space—the monopoly of the Post Office? Now, it appears, tenders are to be invited for "utilising every available space" in post-office buildings. Having broken the ice, we hope the P.M.G. will adopt the balance of our suggestions—but what a well of wealth has remained untapped all these years!

Ruffett's Ruff Stuff.

James Keys (18), of Bloomfield Road, and James Negus, of Arthur Road, both in Tottenham, rather than see their younger brothers and sisters (Keys having eight and Negus seven) wanting food, tried to sell laces. They were stopped by Detective Ruffett, who found that they had no licences. In case this charge were not enough, as there had been several housebreakings recently he fancied their behaviour was suspicious. They were each fined 5s. If all else fails, in view of their numerous dependents the detective might accuse them of baby-farming!

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Grudging Guardians.

In the Midlands and North the distress caused by unemployment is even more acute and appalling than in London, especially among those hapless folk who have "exhausted benefit." At Leamington, a man and his wife, striving to keep body and soul together on 10s. 6d. a week, have been refused any outdoor relief, though the man was contemptuously offered "a ticket for the workhouse"; and another typical case is a family of eight, with 25s. 10d. a week for food, coal, light and clothing, who get only a loaf a day from the Guardians. Can't a humane medium be found between the profligacy of Poplar and the parsimony of the provinces?

Money for Brains.

The winner of the first prize of £1,000 in "Bullets" Competition No. 426 was Mr. E. J. Meyrick, of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, whose photograph appears on page 20, and whose effort was unusually witty. A similar handsome amount is waiting to be won by some equally skilful bulleteer. Mr. Meyrick is to be congratulated—especially as the winning effort was entirely his own work.

HOW LABOUR WOULD GOVERN.

A CABINET OF EFFICIENCY—WHAT IT WOULD DO—NO RASH INNOVATIONS.

By the Right Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

[The following thoughtful article by the Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party will doubtless be of great interest to our readers. It must be understood that Mr. Clynes expresses his own personal opinions, for which we assume no responsibility, and we entirely reserve the right of criticism or reply.]

I SAID recently in the House of Commons that we did not want to take the place of the Government merely for the sake of office, and that, to give immediate relief and work to the unemployed, we would support any new policy to that end. My statements have been grossly misrepresented, but I repeat that we want Trade more than we want an Election.

If the present level of government is a level of genius or exceptional ability, what degree of failure or incompetence could be described as mediocrity? Did Labour Ministers, in any of the offices which they filled during the war, acquit themselves with any less degree of general ability than Liberal or Conservative statesmen? Would it be possible to subject Labour Ministers to any more unsparing censure for their blunders than is now heaped by their own friends upon many Ministers for what they have failed to do?

No Absence of Ability.

Labour need have no fear that the great machine of administration would not work in its hands. The Civil Service and Administrative offices are sustained without regard to Party, and the great band of skilled and experienced men who permanently superintend all that is continuous in the affairs of the State, would be at the service of Labour. Precedent has already been established in the matter of bringing from the outside the service of great organisers and business men whose value to the State everyone must recognise. Would similar men not serve a Labour Government?

Labour is not without ample support from those who have skill and training in industrial, trade, and commercial questions. Labour would have no difficulty in filling offices dealing with Education, Local Government, Home Affairs, Agriculture, and Colonial Administration. The War Office and the Admiralty have often been filled by men of no naval or military rank, and recent developments in foreign affairs need in no way discourage the Labour Party in appointing men who would make real the changes in diplomacy and foreign relations which were said to be among the great objects of the war.

In the realm of finance, Labour could rely upon men with a reputation in economics and financial questions at least equal to that which Sir Robert Horne or the present Prime Minister had acquired when made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Certain technical offices, such as the posts which would have to be filled by men of high legal knowledge and experience, would present their difficulties; but here again it is certain that if in any elected majority men were not included who possessed the required legal standing, the attractions of the positions would evoke many offers of service.

The "Parliamentary form" of the Labour Party, which many newspaper critics now rate so low, is a different affair from the high degree of Ministerial skill which I am certain Labour Ministers would reveal.

Some are alarmed by the cry that Labour would be pushed and terrorised by extremists, and would be unable to carry out a policy of its own. How preposterous is such a fear when harboured by supporters of the present Government! Was there ever such a Government—doing and undoing things week by week solely because of outside pressure? Policies and decisions are reversed; questions taken up or thrown aside; negotiations entered into or dropped; money squandered or expenditure curtailed, absolutely because of extraneous influences and from fear of popular disapproval.

Next to interest in the personnel and quality of any Labour Government, public concern is in the question of what it would attempt to do. The programme of Labour is an ambitious one, and stretches from the point of handling immediate and pressing needs to plans for remodelling ultimately social and industrial conditions. The underlying motive in its task of reconstruction is not a motive of personal or monopoly benefit, but of community well-being—which Labour regards as the truest and most wholesome patriotism. A Party which seeks, for instance, to get possession of properties for the national benefit instead of for the benefit of individuals could claim a greater degree of patriotism than individuals who seek to use politics to preserve personal or private interests in property. Labour well knows that any change of substance can come only with gradual change in ideas. Just as force is no remedy in the government of men, force cannot implant in men's minds a belief in some new economic or social system which they do not understand. They will approve it only when they can believe in it, and they will not consent to displace the present system until dissatisfaction with it has persuaded them that another system ought to be tried.

The Root of the Trouble.

Apart from its ideals, it would be the immediate business of Labour to deal with what are the most pressing needs of the community. The first is economy. About six million people, estimating the number in terms of families, have scarcely any resources whatever beyond what they receive each week in the way of grants, "doles," or payments of some sort given to them because of unemployment. They cannot practise economy. Nor can millions of other workers who recently have suffered such heavy reductions in wages that their loss in pay is collectively not less than about eight million pounds weekly.

In short, the section of the people who can practise economy is a small one, and I doubt whether many of them will heed the appeals now so often and so eloquently made.

Sir Eric Geddes justifies his wielding of the "axe", by the statement that "they would never reduce Income Tax till they balanced accounts; they were trying to find one hundred millions a year to balance accounts." I say nothing against necessary economies, though much can be said against that form of saving which in the end is a social loss. Effective and serviceable expenditure is often the truest economy. The important fact is that all the Ministers who have recently spoken about making ends meet and effecting economies, have said nothing about the fundamental cause of our financial and other troubles. That cause is Unemployment. To save a hundred million by refusing to spend it will cure nothing, though it will make ends meet in the sense that it will allow a troubled Chancellor to balance accounts. We want, however, not so much to save out of present earnings, but to produce so as to earn much more, and sell what we produce. Two million pounds saved in a week is less than we pay out to support the Unemployed. Indeed, including the moneys being paid through benefit schemes, insurance, various grants, and the supplementary sums provided by the special Act of Parliament passed last Session, we pay about three million weekly to the Unemployed. Even this sum is small compared with the amounts lost in weekly wages not earned.

Labour's Great Task.

Work is the lever by which alone we can remove our heavy financial burdens. A great increase in the exchange of goods is the influence which will restore normality in the money exchanges of the world.

We have continued to incur enormous charges, and have helped to depress and disturb our own trade markets, by withholding recognition of Egyptian independence, and we have inflicted measurable damage upon the cotton industry of Lancashire both by administrative acts in India and by withholding full and generous self-government in that country. Liberty can be linked with trade by a policy which would genuinely interpret liberty for others as that which we demand for ourselves.

When trade revival resulted from changed international policy, Labour would strenuously apply itself to those neglected tasks of internal reconstruction relating to housing and local government. It would inspire improved relations between employers and employed, with the object of reducing the recurring industrial quarrels which inflict their losses not only upon those who buy labour and sell it, but upon the third great interest which we call the public.

If a system is to be fundamentally altered, the alterations must come, as I have said, from a great change in ideas, and from the belief that the system as we have it can with national advantage be replaced by another. Until that stage in the development of ideas is reached, Labour would make the best of conditions as we have them now, and would pursue that task, not with a view to class benefit, but with the main object of securing national well-being. The early attainment of this object depends upon trade—and that depends upon real peace both outside these shores and within.

Why pull a long face? "Write to JOHN BULL about it."

THE AMAZING ADVENTURER.

THE DIDDLING DUTCHMAN RUNS AWAY.

It will be fresh in the recollection of our readers that a few months ago we published under the heading "An Amazing Adventurer" an expesure of the exploits of an infamous swindler styling himself John Marius de Waal. As he had the audacity to issue a writ for libel against us, we have been precluded until now from making further mention of the matter. We are no longer restricted in this respect, for after putting us to considerable expense he has turned tail and fled. This is, of course, only what might have been expected of him. In the very first month of the war, this Dutchman scented money in a scheme for publishing a biographical record, illustrated with photographs, of all naval and military officers killed in action. With extraordinary effrontery, considering his antecedents, he actually imposed on distinguished men like Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Lord French to the extent of persuading the former to supply a title, "The Bond of Sacrifice," and the latter to write a Foreword. Other notable people were induced to become "editors," and the sorrowing relatives of those whose names appeared daily in the casualty lists were pestered to become subscribers to a costly edition of this record of the undying dead.

DE WAAL'S "RECORDS."

Exactly how many thousands of pounds he extracted in subscriptions may never be known, but the sum was sufficient to keep him in ease and luxury. But no edition of "The Bond of Sacrifice" was forthcoming until, after many months, most of the distinguished military "editors" had resigned in disgust, and de Waal prevailed on a wealthy subscriber to provide funds which enabled him to bring out a first volume, copies of which were sent to the most clamorous applicants. Then another brain wave occurred to our amazing adventurer, and he decided to announce for publication a "Record of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire," and secured many subscriptions at five guineas a volume from vainglorious recipients of the decoration. These provided funds for a second volume of "The Bond of Sacrifice," and helped to pacify subscribers who had been clamouring two years for a copy. The O.B.E. Record never got further than the preparation of an elaborate dummy copy. A third effort was to have been entitled "Private Initiative in the Great War."

ALL FISH TO THE NET.

De Waal's action has been dismissed for want of prosecution, and we are now judgment creditors. A Receiving Order has just been made against the adventurer on the petition of the jewellers from whom he ordered the miniature insignias of the O.B.E. with which he hoped to stave off subscribers to his "Record." Other creditors include, to his shame, members of his staff to whom he had not paid wages, including even a girl clerk to whom the money is a serious consideration, while we find he has even diddled unsuspecting acquaintances who offered him hospitality, and passed off "stumer" cheques on clubs to which he obtained an entry by his plausible manners. Where de Waal is now is uncertain, as he has described himself in such a variety of ways and given such a number of addresses at which he is never to be found that he is as elusive as the famous "Pimpernel," but we believe he is in hiding somewhere in Paris. At all events, our strictures upon this unsavoury scoundrel have proved to be entirely justified, and we can only share the regret of those people who were foolish enough to entrust money to him that they have only the remotest chance of recovering it.

A LONG INNINGS.

DISSOLUTE DEAF MUTE'S IMMUNITY.

Fresh from a religious service, Daniel Dilworth, a deaf mute, of Hackney Wick, assaulted Harriet Crouch, also deaf and dumb, during a stroll on Hackney Marshes. The girl resented his improper approaches, and after a struggle the disgusting ruffian made off with her handbag. At the subsequent trial, it was disclosed that Dilworth was married, but lived apart from his wife and child, allowing them the magnificent sum of 15s. weekly. A chaplain testified to having known the salacious brute for years, and stated that one victim of his lust had had to undergo hospital treatment, while he had similarly "courted" several other young women. This loathsome reptile calmly admitted molesting fifteen girls, and the chaplain's opinion that he was a "moral danger" is not unduly harsh. Apparently regarding the theft as at least as serious as the assault, the Court awarded three months' hard labour on each charge! But, in the name of public decency, why was this lascivious creature permitted such immunity in his swinish excesses? Were not fifteen innocent girls degraded by his bestiality sufficient cause for action without waiting for him to steal a handbag?

RALLY ROUND WAKEFORD!

MISTAKEN IMPRESSION DELAYING PETITION.

In some quarters the mistaken impression prevails very strongly that the Privy Council has already consented to reopen the case and that the collection of signatures for the Petition is therefore a superfluous effort. Nothing can be further from the truth. In due course the ex-Archdeacon intends to petition His Majesty in proper legal form, and it is of the utmost importance that in the meantime the public Petition organised by JOHN BULL should be so extensively signed as to leave no possible doubt of the public attitude on the matter. As has been previously stated, forms can be obtained from the Chief Commissioner at the offices of JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C., and the Petition can be signed at the following addresses:—

ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD: Rev. W. A. Gibson, 50, Osborne Road.
BIRKENHEAD: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.
BOLTON: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.
BOURNEMOUTH: Mr. E. Malcolm Scott, 49, Talbot Road.
BRISTOL: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.
CARDIFF: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.
CHESTER: Rev. W. F. John Timbrell, Coddington Rectory.
COLOGNE: Messrs. W. J. Cooper & Co., Hotel du Nord.
DUBLIN: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot St.
GLASGOW: Mr. A. Johnston, 6, Earlston Avenue, Townhead.
KING'S LYNN: Mr. C. H. Plowright, Tower Street.
LIVERPOOL: Mr. John R. Lewis, 13, Grecian Chambers, 57A, Dale Street; Mr. J. Perkins, 48, Belmont Road.
LONDON: The JOHN BULL Pen Depots at 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4; 265, Strand, W.C.2; 323, High Holborn, W.C.1; 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.; 87, Long Acre, W.C.2; JOHN BULL Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C.2; Rev. Ernest Street, M.A., 33, Eardley Crescent, Earl's Court, S.W.5.
NEWCASTLE: Mr. G. J. Jones, 15, Church View, Cross Heath.
PORTSMOUTH: JOHN BULL Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

For those who still wish to make a study of this interesting affair, "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," by the Editor of JOHN BULL, is obtainable at every railway station and from all newsagents and booksellers throughout the country at the price of 1s. net.

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DOCTOR'S SCATHING HOSPITAL DISCLOSURES.

DEATH THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED IF GUARDIANS HAD DONE THEIR DUTY.

THE Guardianship of the Poor is a high and honourable calling involving heavy responsibilities. No condemnation can be too strong for those who, having accepted such honourable office, are guilty of neglect in the discharge of their duty to the impoverished folk committed to their care. Times almost without number we have felt called upon to expose and condemn shameful neglect on the part of Boards of Guardians. In some instances, the neglect may have been partly the outcome of ignorance or of over-confidence in subordinate officials. In the case which we now bring to our readers' notice we can find no shadow of excuse or ground of exculpation, for the Guardians concerned have been repeatedly warned by a high official of the dangers of the neglectful policy they have pursued, and they have persistently ignored all of them until at last the catastrophe which he feared has come about and shown up in lurid relief their shameful conduct. The Guardians whom we thus indict are those of the cathedral city of Norwich. Its Christian respectability must have received a severe shock as a result of the revelations made at a recent inquest, and we shall be surprised if public indignation does not force the Ministry of Health to bestir itself and take strong action in the matter.

The Labourer's End.

Frederick Platten, a labourer, fifty-seven years of age, was admitted to Norwich Workhouse on 17th January last. As he was suffering from an extensive malignant growth of the right leg, he was sent direct to the Infirmary. Though he was suffering such intense pain that he was anxious to have his leg amputated, and an operation was decided upon, his relatives were not even informed that he was lying seriously ill in the institution until a fortnight later. His brother then visited him, and found him looking forward with cheerful fortitude to the operation which he was to undergo that afternoon. A few hours later he received intimation that the poor fellow had died. What was the manner of his end? In the light of knowledge gained by careful personal investigation, we can describe it only as one of the most disgraceful episodes in the annals of Poor Law institutions. This unfortunate man was successfully operated upon at approximately 2.30 p.m. While in the operating theatre his condition did not give rise to the slightest anxiety either to the anæsthetist or to the Resident Medical Officer who performed the operation. He was returned to the ward at 5.10 p.m. At 5.30 he was dead!

The Harassed Nurse.

Why? *Because there was no one to look after him!* The Sister who received the case had 124 patients under her care. She was the only trained nurse on duty. She and two junior probationary nurses constituted the nursing staff at the time for the entire male hospital! The nurse remained with the patient as long as possible, but had to leave him, after satisfying herself that he was comfortable and apparently in good condition, to continue her ward duties, which included the receiving from the operating theatre of another case, which had to be placed in a different ward. When she returned five minutes later she found that Platten had become very blue in the face and was frothing at the mouth. She did the only thing possible—gave him an injection of strychnine—but he died a few moments afterwards. The appalling fact is that owing to the entire absence of inter-telephonic communication in the Infirmary, it was not possible to acquaint the Doctor with the patient's serious condition in less than ten minutes. The Medical Officer declared at the inquest that the man should not have been left alone a moment for at least an hour or an hour and a-half after the operation, but there was simply not the staff to meet such an emergency. He considered the Sister did all she could with the staff at her disposal. *He had repeatedly drawn the attention of the Guardians to the matter.* It was, of course, impossible even for a medical man to say whether the patient's life might have been saved had a nurse been in constant attendance and been able to inform the Doctor immediately his condition became serious, but there is every possibility that it might, and one cannot avoid the grave conclusion that his death lies at the door of the Guardians, who have persistently ignored the recommendations of the Resident Medical Officer. The Poor Law Institutions Order, 1913, clearly lays an obligation on the Medical Officer to report to the House Committee for their consideration and transmission to the Guardians any defects in the nursing or attendance in the sick wards or in the supply of medical and surgical requirements whenever occasion arises, and particularly in January and July.

The Board's Responsibility.

We have excellent reason to believe that the Medical Officer at Norwich has conscientiously reported in due course defects in the institution which he foresaw must sooner or later result in a calamity, and that his reports have been ignored. Indeed, at the inquest he stated that only a fortnight before he had reiterated his warnings regarding the shortage of the nursing staff, as the position was getting acute. It is a disgraceful thing, in the first place, that an institution containing over 119 chronic and incurable patients who may require skilled medical attention at any moment should be provided with only one Resident Doctor. When, added to this, we find a shortage of nursing staff and a lack even of internal telephonic communication, which have repeatedly been reported upon but ignored, we consider the conduct of the Guardians constitutes a scandal of first-class magnitude which demands the immediate attention of the Ministry of Health.

HARD ON A HERO!

NO MATERNITY BENEFIT FOR HIS WIFE AND BABY.

For four long years—1914 to 1918—Stephen Whatley, of Teather Street, Peckham, fought in France. Then he lost a leg, and was discharged with a 60 per cent. pension for himself and four of his seven children, as owing to his disability he is unable to resume work at his trade of bricklayer. Last January another baby was born in the humble little home where he and his good wife struggle along. He duly applied for the "Maternity Benefit" to which they naturally believed they were entitled, but was referred by the National Health Insurance to his Approved Society. But he went first to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, who considered the question of a grant, but finally decided against it. So, on his one leg, he stumped all the way to Euston Road, to the Hearts of Oak Society, to which he paid insurance years ago—only to learn that he had ceased to be a member as, since his discharge, he had been unemployed and unable to continue his contributions. So there's nothing from anywhere for the missus and baby of a hero, maimed and practically ruined by the war. If he had remained at home, drawing big wages as a munitioneer, there'd have been no difficulty about that maternity benefit to day! Doubtless the Societies concerned acted within their rights and according to their lights, but that doesn't alter the hardship or the irony of the case.

THE MARKS ON THE MADMAN.

PORTSMOUTH LUNATIC AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

It is all in favour of Haydon, Justice and Pay, attendants of the imbecile ward of Portsmouth Union Workhouse Infirmary, that the evidence at the inquest on the body of a patient, Francis Booker, induced the jury to declare that the allegations of deliberate rough treatment made against them by a fellow attendant, Herbert Parfitt, were not proven. Booker, who had got out of control, was placed in the padded room. Dr. L. Maybury, an independent medical man, called at the inquest, stated that he found on the deceased's body 44 marks of violence—which, however, did not cause or accelerate death, for that ensued from unsoundness of mind and exhaustion. The testimony of Parfitt was that he had "overheard a conversation between the three attendants to the effect that Booker had given them considerable trouble during the night, and they had paid him back." The three other attendants say, in so many words, that he is a liar; that they were not in any way cruel to their patient, and that they had no such conversation among themselves as Parfitt alleges. The Guardians should institute a searching inquiry into the facts. If Parfitt is a liar, he is a dangerous and malicious liar, and must go; if, on the other hand, Justice, Pay and Haydon did do conscious cruelty to the man as alleged, then they are utterly unfit to have the care of lunatics.

"ODDS ON" HUMMING.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF POCKET RACING STABLE.

Every decent Englishman is a bit of a sport—loves to lay the odds, or take his chance. Therefore under the present "Mrs. Grundy" regime an "Odds On" top appeals directly to him—especially as he can carry it in his waistcoat pocket. It is a winner. "Put and Take" was last seen rounding Tattenham Corner utterly fagged out, whereas "Odds On" has captured the imagination of the public. The idea of the free running section of the top, which is entirely independent of the spin, and the fact that the six sides bear the names of horses which should, according to the ideas of the racing prophets, perform particularly well in the season which is approaching, are specially attractive features. What the odds will be and what horses will win lays "in the lap of the gods" until "Odds On" has ceased to spin. The top is constructed of a metal which gives it greater weight than imitations, and consequently enables the spin to continue longer than is possible in the case of its competitors. "Odds On" can be bought at booksellers, newspaper agents or toy shops for 1s., or it can be sent by post for 1s. 2d. direct from Odhams Press Ltd., Sundries Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Why not take your friends for a spin to-day? It is just the thing to beguile the long, cold winter evenings we are now experiencing.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it.

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

MORE years ago than I care to remember I was taken by a well-known sportsman to a famous cricket match at Lords. The match was not in progress when we reached the ground, and I was hustled to the nets to see the famous players at practice. Now I wanted to see all the great guns of the county cricket world. But my host insisted on standing by the nets and watching the batsman, of the name of Doyle—a name which was quite unfamiliar to me in the world of cricket. I think I got restive. Here was a very fine batsman, but I had come to Lords to feast my eyes on Jackson, Fry, MacLaren, Hayward, and the rest.

At last, when the great unknown tossed the ball back to the bowler, and sauntered back to the pavilion, my host turned round to me and whispered in accents of adoring worship: "Don't you know who you have been watching? That man is Conan Doyle—the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the great detective."

I was never more astonished in my life. So *this* was Sherlock Holmes? You all know what Sherlock Holmes is like in print—a thin frail man with a dark and haggard face, smoking interminable pipes, living in a dressing-gown, and occasionally having resource to drugs. And here was Sherlock Holmes' creator. A typically robust specimen of British manhood, bronzed with travel, and glowing with the health of an athletic life!

Yet in very truth this *was* Arthur Conan Doyle, and as he surprised me then by the contrast between his weird and wonderful work and his own healthy, essentially common-sense, masculine personality, so he has astounded me since—when he became the High Priest of England in a new "religion" familiarly known to us to-day as Spiritualism.

Let us just glance at Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's record. His early days are an admirable tale of sanity and industry. The son of an artist, he was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He was educated at Stonyhurst—and so since his spiritualistic "revelations" has become an apostate Catholic. He was also senior Physician to the Langman Field Hospital in South Africa. He has practised as a doctor at Southsea, and giving full vent to his robust and hardy nature, has travelled widely in such vastly different regions as the Arctic and the West Coast of Africa. During all this time he was busy writing novels—the extraordinary Sherlock Holmes series, and fine vigorous romances of British heroism like the "White Company" or that splendid tale of the old English prize ring, "Rodney Stone." As if this was not enough, he actually appeared twice in the arena of politics. Had he been successful in Hawick Burghs as a Tariff Reformer, it is possible that the world would have heard less of the modern cult of Spiritualism than it is doing at the present time.

The next and most remarkable phase in the career of this man of many contrasts was his sudden and passionate avowal of a Spiritualistic creed. To the amazement of all who had regarded him as the very emblem of British sanity and common-sense, Sir Arthur came forth and trumpeted to the world the announcement that he was in constant touch with the dead and was associated with persons of such transcendent gifts that they were even more familiar with their dead relatives and sweethearts than you or I are with our next door neighbour.

Like everything else that he put his hand to, this stolid Scot tackled his new theology with all his customary thoroughness. He engaged in a vast correspondence on the subject. He attended innumerable séances at which "inspired" mediums—some of them of an entirely illiterate character—produced many astonishing manifestations from the other world. Not only did "spirit writing" toys bought at popular toyshops deliver astounding messages from the "other side," but tambourines shook and danced round Sir Arthur—who finally tells us that he actually saw and held converse with the spirits.

With his reputation for level-headed sobriety, such sensational pronouncements from him at a time when nearly every family in the country was mourning the recent loss of some dear one in the Great War, created a profound stir of human anxiety and hope. Then came his lectures on the subject, and his books. As the result of his efforts, and those of Sir Oliver Lodge, the spiritualistic fever spread amongst the wives and widows of England with the rapidity of a prairie fire. Now, during the war JOHN BULL repeatedly comforted its bereaved readers. No word was uttered in these columns which could shake the faith or shadow the hopes of any wife, mother, sweetheart or orphan. But I say most earnestly to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to-day that I cannot accept the curious manifestations in his creed as messages of comfort. Like Sir Arthur, JOHN BULL asks for manifestation. But we don't want manifestations of dancing tambourines, turning tables, thundering megaphones, supposed to be in direct communication with Heaven, or spirit voices that sing comic songs or cackle gibberish which is hardly distinguishable from the language of a chimpanzee.

JOHN BULL *asks for but one manifestation of a new religion. It requires proof that the religion in question has made its adherents live cleaner, better and nobler lives.* One act of self-sacrifice is worth more to us than all the tambourines which ever danced of their own accord in this world. When Sir Arthur can bring us proof that Spiritualism has started to perform the miracle which is known as a change of heart, JOHN BULL will discuss the subject again in all seriousness. In the meantime, I cannot but regard Sir Arthur as a man with a double character. On one side is the sane sport-loving healthy Britisher. On the other side is the mysticism of the muddle-headed medium sitting in dark parlours. And I cannot but ask myself, is there not only method but also madness in such a mysticism?

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Don't waste time arguing—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, Chairman of the Economy Committee.

Sir,—You have done well! It is clear that your Report is honest, thorough and courageous; otherwise it would not have incurred the angry howls that have greeted it from the great wasting Departments. But it is clear, also, that the public must back you up and at once—otherwise national bankruptcy *must* ensue. We can no more afford to wait for relief from the wasters than a drowning man can keep afloat while the life-boat crew argue. Every hour that delays the adoption of the "cuts" means that we are getting nearer to that financial collapse "behind which," Lord Buckmaster warns us, "revolution follows with swift impatient feet."

John Bull.

To G. L. Denman, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate, Marlborough Street Police Court.

Sir,—You are sixty-eight years of age, and the question arises whether you ought not now to retire. On Friday last, Sir Charles Gill, K.C., appealing for "Captain" Cockerton at the London Sessions, was asked why you had not granted him an adjournment in order that he might prepare his defence. Sir Charles answered that it was difficult to "speak frankly," but possibly you did not hear. Everybody knows you are deaf and short-tempered, and a daily paper states that "a long list of scandalous prosecutions and subsequent successful appeals was given," "Captain" Cockerton's name being added thereto. Before there is another Cass case, you had better go. The reputation of the Bench demands other methods. John Bull.

To C. E. Benham, Esq., J.P., Colchester.

Dear Mr. Benham,—You have several claims to fame, both personal and vicarious, for as an ex-Mayor of Colchester you must have buttoned your waistcoat over many bivalves, you are proprietor of a local newspaper, and your good lady once compiled a well-known book of quotations. I think you deserve a special niche in the Nation's gallery of glory for that fine of ten shillings which you imposed on Walter Smith the other day for selling bloaters. When asked to plead he said, "Guilty this last forty years!" So in effect you taxed him threepence a year for the privilege of earning an honest living. Personally, I consider the prosecution was puerile folly, but presumably you had no option but to convict. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, P.C., Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue.

Dear Sir John,—I have often had occasion to point out the injustice of applying the Entertainment Tax to charitable functions, but what am I to think when I find some prize idiot in your office forbidding Mr. J. Collings Squire, the Editor of the *London Mercury*, to read quotations during the course of a lecture on poetry, under penalty of having the Entertainment Tax imposed on the admission tickets? Shall I offer you a suggestion? Make a small charge for admission to the public gallery of the House of Commons, when you will be in a position to forbid Mr. Asquith spouting Latin verse which even members of the Cabinet do not understand. John Bull.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Horridge.

My Lord,—The other day you refused to allow an accused person, who pleaded illness, to be seated during his trial at Nottingham, and added, "We are getting really too delicate in our habits towards persons who are being tried." Now, certain legal luminaries have in the past betrayed or professed ignorance on such common-place lay matters as comediennes, telephones, and camisoles, but one rather expects a Judge to know that in English Law a person is presumed innocent till proved guilty, and therefore entitled to a little "delicacy." I feel sure you would not deliberately be inhumane, but that the man's plea was genuine is amply demonstrated by his subsequently swooning in the dock. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Weymouth Bench of Magistrates.

Dear Sir,—I have so frequently had occasion to draw attention to the absurd and vexatious prosecutions of various townsfolk of Weymouth for selling sweetmeats on Sundays that it was with surprise but no less delight that I discovered your Bench had decided to deal with these pettifogging prosecutions with the contempt they deserve. With great good sense and no little humour, they fined all the defendants one penny—one of your colleagues, Mr. Dennis, saying, in so many words, that they did so to show their contempt for the proceedings. Ridicule is a most powerful weapon with which to combat such an obsolete measure as the Lord's Day Observance Act, and it was a gem of inspiration to ask one of the defendants fined the copper whether he would like time in which to pay! John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., H.M. Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

Dear Mr. Shortt,—I have been delighted to read that a new departure has been introduced at Parkhurst Prison—where, instead of having to submit to the humiliating and degrading "gaol-crop," long-term convicts now have their hair cut with scissors and comb, and may even grow a beard or moustache if they so desire. I am glad. Anything that tends to restore self-respect to a convicted criminal goes a long way towards his reformation. Will you kindly see that the same concession is made to all prisoners—including the Borstal boys? The amelioration of their lot is so overdue that I have almost despaired of it. John Bull.

To Sir W. H. Veno, Manchester.

Dear Sir William,—I am pleased to hear that you have amended your offer of a prize of ten thousand pounds for an accredited cure of cancer. Your new proposal to give one thousand pounds per annum for ten years in order to promote definite cancer research work is more likely to hasten the discovery of a cure than your first inducement, and I congratulate you both upon your sagacity and the generosity of your offer. The niggardly attitude of the Government towards effective research work in this blighting disease has already received my condemnation, but there is some consolation in knowing that we have benefactors like yourself. Your gift is an expression of true economy.

John Bull.

To John Davies, Farmer, Irelech, Carmarthen.

Vile Wretch,—I have read with nauseating horror an account of your fiendish cruelty to a horse which you had been ordered by a veterinary surgeon to shoot, the hapless animal having broken its leg. Instead of obeying instructions, you cut the horse's throat with a table-knife and left it to die. The intense cold, however, congealed the blood about the wound, with the result that the victim of your monstrous callousness lingered in a field through the night and lay in agony until the following afternoon, when you completed the atrocious slaughter with a knife. For this protracted act of almost unparalleled cruelty you were fined £5 by the Carmarthen Bench. Save us from such puling Magistrates! The only adequate punishment I can think of would be to have your own weasand slit. You are an insult to humanity. John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George accepts the Geddes Axe,
Yet somehow seems afraid,
Because of Departmental cries,
Freely to use the blade.

From Egypt Allenby returns;
But, to our great surprise,
He who did well in Palestine
Our Egyptian sway denies.

At Oxford Undergraduettes
From Dons received the wheeze
That when the river they are on
They must not show their knees.

According to the Research Board,
Lancashire limbs are lank
Compared with Essex sportsmen's,
Who with the Herculean rank.

Don't grouse—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

The Passing of Billy Meredith.

The success of Stanley Davies, the West Bromwich Albion centre-forward, at outside right in the Welsh team which beat Scotland may be taken as a permanent endorsement of the passing of William Meredith. Well, Meredith (sketch herewith) has had a splendid innings; he has 51 international caps, and deserved them all. He is a hard-headed man—and takes a good deal of "knowing." But he has been a football genius and it is his play on the field which has mattered to thousands.

F. A. Cup Tie Probables.

The third round of the F.A. Cup Ties will be played this week, and though there is many a slip in this competition, I expect that Aston Villa, Tottenham Hotspur, West Bromwich Albion, Blackburn Rovers, The Arsenal and Cardiff City will make certain of getting into the next round. Barnsley, who have only lost three Cup Ties at home since 1895—a wonderful record—may get the better of Preston N.E., and in the Millwall v. Swansea match anything may happen, with the odds slightly favouring the home team.

The Mystery of Puddefoot.

The departure of Puddefoot from West Ham to Falkirk leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. If the West Ham people knew nothing about Falkirk's desires when they made the announcement that Puddefoot would not go to the 'Spurs, then the whole business when Falkirk did arrive at Boleyn Castle must have been concluded in record time. And if Puddefoot knew of Falkirk's coming before West Ham did, what about a breach of the rule about approaching a player first and a club second? Here is a case where money talked again. It takes a good deal of courage to refuse an offer of £5,000, specially if the player has cost you nothing!

Question of the Age.

Will the match at Fulham, England v. The South, next Wednesday produce the centre forward for whom England is waiting? This is really the great problem of the season, and when most of us are in our graves writers will continue to spill ink over England's lean year for attacking pivots. But I rather fancy the F.A. Selection Committee will be driven to choose T. Roberts, of Preston North End. By the way, the fact that F. Roberts, of Bolton, played in the first trial match and T. Roberts was chosen to play in the second led to a pretty confusion in some quarters last week, and Russell Square was inundated with questions as to which was really which.

The Cat among the Pigeons.

When the cat is set among the pigeons in French sport there is considerably more fluttering in the loft than there is in this country. There is a pretty little hubbub over the accusations by M. Vidal, the French Minister of Sport, of professionalism in Rugby circles. You see, the funny part of it is in a matter of this sort whatever the French Ministry thinks probably means money, or rather the withholding of it, to the sports concerned. And as the British and the French points of view differ widely on questions of amateurism and professionalism, we can only hold the ring and smile. Nevertheless, the trouble in France may mean the cancellation of important events between British sporting bodies and others across the Channel, and for that reason alone I hope it will soon blow over.

The New Wimbledon.

The excellent progress which is being made with the new all-England Lawn Tennis ground at Wimbledon Park should not mislead those who have seen the builders at work. It is quite possible that the ground will be ready by June, but it is a matter more of turf than superstructure, and much depends on the weather between now and the early summer. One of the minor difficulties connected with the new ground will be overcome if the District Railway and the L.S.W. Railway make a "halt" somewhere between Southfields and Wimbledon Park stations. Southfields is the nearest station to the ground at present, but the methods of egress are antiquated, and require drastic alteration.

Misleading the Public.

The amateur billiards championship, now drawing to a close, has once again brought home the lesson of the imperative need of a qualifying competition. One of the closest followers of the game in the country expressed to me the other day his personal dissatisfaction that the public should be charged admission to see games which rise to no higher level than can be seen in any hotel saloon for the price of a glass of beer! Of course, I am not referring to such men as Fry, McLeod, Symes, Marshall, Hegginbottom and other leading cueists, but those who get into the competition without real qualification and by the luck of the draw and the aid of a bye scrape into the later rounds. They should be eliminated before reaching the public stage in London.

J. M. Gregory Goes Out.

So J. M. Gregory is to retire from first-class cricket as well as his captain, Warwick Armstrong. The announcement from Australia is rather surprising, and the meagreness of the message does not allow us to form any opinions as to the reason. Gregory was a faster bowler on English wickets than E. A. McDonald, who isn't coming to Nelson—as I have already said—but he did not keep such a consistent length. He was a perfect terror for "bumping," and there was no better slip field in the Australian eleven. His height (see the sketch) was of tremendous advantage to him in both spheres.

The End of Frank Goddard.

I think we have seen the last of Frank Goddard in the ring. He gave such a disappointing show against Charlie Penwill at Premierland that we have no right to expect anything good from him in the future. Goddard has always been a puzzle. One of the most splendidly-fashioned men of his time, he is always building up the hopes of his friends—and letting them crash to the ground. Penwill is a man with a future, and when he leaves the Guards and the Army to give his whole time to boxing, he will, barring accidents, undoubtedly put himself in the first flight in this country.

Lewis and Gummer.

The contest between Kid Lewis and Tom Gummer at the Dome, Brighton, this week is not one that has had much personal attraction for me from the beginning, though I must admit I have met many people who are quite enthusiastic about Gummer's chances, and certainly Brighton sportsmen are showing great interest in the affair. I do not imagine it is going to be a cake-walk for Lewis, because Gummer is stubborn and tough, if nothing else, but I do not think he has anything like sufficient skill to cause Lewis any real anxiety.

Grandson of George Frederick's Trainer.

There are only a few Newmarket trainers who run horses over the sticks, but a great feature of this National Hunt Season is the success achieved by T. R. Leader's stable with Zarane, Perry Hill and Sprig. There are also great hopes that the same stable will provide the National winner next month with Taffytus. The Newmarket trainer's son, T. Leader—who, by the way, is a grandson of the trainer of George Frederick, the Derby winner of many years ago—has ridden most of his father's winners. Young Tom (see sketch) was a capable light-weight jockey on the flat in his younger days, but he put on weight so rapidly that he took to the jumping game and rode his first winner, Fieldfare, at Hawthorn Hill in 1920.

Record National Winner Dead.

The death of Ascetic's Silver recalls the victory in the National sixteen years ago of the Hon. A. Hastings, the Wroughton trainer, who won the great Aintree race on Prince Hatzfeldt's horse in the record time of 9 min. 34 2-5 sec. At the time of his death Ascetic's Silver was twenty-five years old. On that memorable day at Aintree he beat such great horses as Aunt May, John M.P., Timothy Titus, Roman Law, Dathi, Oatlands and Deerslayer.

Hopeful Bachelor and the Lincoln.

Hopeful Bachelor, one of my twelve to follow, made a very promising *début* over hurdles at Sandown Park recently when running third to Flaming Sword and Foazam, and is well-expected to win a race before the season finishes. So do not miss him whenever he runs. Afterwards the son of Bachelor's Hope will be prepared for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and some clever people regard his chance of success as a very good one.

Getting Ready for the Flat.

With the flat-racing campaign due to begin in five weeks' time, our jockeys are busy making preparations for Lincoln. R. Welch has not been idle during the winter. He has ridden a few winners over hurdles, and for flat-racing expects to go to scale at 7 st. 6 lb. J. Brennan will be exercise riding at Manton shortly, and Brownie Carslake and J. Leach have returned from the Continent in order to ride in gallops and trials. Frank Bullock and W. Griggs have already had a few spins at Newmarket, and Steve Donoghue, who finds it very easy to keep his weight down, has made himself acquainted with some youngsters.

Two or Three Brevities.

Two German boxers, Kurt Prenzel and Richard Naujocks, will be seen at Hoxton Baths next Monday. French sports writers are really angry about it.

An Australian bowls team is to tour England this summer, the first match being at Bournemouth in May. Quite a restful game after the visit of Gregory, McDonald & Co.

Lawn tennis players read with mixed feelings that N. Misu has received an appointment with the Rumanian Legation in London. His trick services and spinning drives are things to be avoided.

All queries relating to Sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

YOU'VE got a grievance, haven't you? "Write to JOHN BULL about it."

VICIOUS SLANDER

A Corrupt Journalist—Base Enmity and

By THE

I HAVE to write this week of a man who throughout the British Empire is held in the fondest esteem. I am no courtier, and certainly do not intend to insult the Prince of Wales with fulsome flattery—but I know a man when I see him, and in the person of the Heir Apparent I recognise the fine embodiment of those qualities of citizenship and sportsmanship which in the arena of history have made us what we are. Nor is it only within the shores of Great Britain that the House of Windsor finds its friends. I notice that our American cousins are getting vastly excited over the forthcoming marriage of Princess Mary, and this circumstance is surely of happy augury for the future relationship of the two great English-speaking commonwealths. As between ourselves and Uncle Sam I am a strong believer in the virtue of mutual candour, and I make no complaint of the free criticisms of British policy which constantly appear in the American Press. At the same time, I reserve the right of frank and outspoken rejoinder; and where criticism descends to scurrility, I take leave to enter my protest, in the name of that great ideal of Anglo-American friendship which every decent man and woman in both continents respects. The beginning of wisdom in international affairs is to distinguish truly between friends and enemies, and in the United States generally I find a sensible recognition of the fact that the British Royal House stands high above the storms and squabbles of political controversy. So may it ever be. And now let us see how all this affects the Prince of Wales.

A Corrupt Journalist.

For a little while, if you please, we will forget the smug pretences of conventional journalism, and tell the naked truth. Such anti-British feeling as there is in the United States to-day is largely due to the poisonous emanations of a group of newspapers controlled by a man whom I have no hesitation in describing as an arch-enemy of civilisation. No one who reads the imbecile ravings of the *New York American*, and its associated journals, can doubt that the world would be a cleaner place but for the presence in it of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. In the tragic and pitiable story of Anglo-American misunderstanding, I regard Hearst as the villain of the piece. For reasons of pique, which are notorious in well-informed circles in London, Mr. Hearst has for years past carried on an unceasing vendetta against all things British, no depths of scurrility being too low for his purpose, and no heights of mendacity beyond his lying reach. Throughout the war this muck-eating sensationalist raked up every scandal that could be used to the discredit of Great Britain, and—as was proved at the time when his "International News Service" was kicked bag and baggage out of London by the authorities—actually fabricated "news" which would redound to the honour and glory of the common foes of civilisation. I have said hard things about Mr. Hearst before, and I shall say them again as often as he crosses our path. I have never seen the man, but I have read columns from his newspapers, and I go by the smell.

The Final Outrage

Now I am going to admit quite freely that something has happened recently to lend force and colour to my feelings about Mr. William Randolph Hearst. In the past it has been the cue of this unscrupulous newspaper proprietor through his principal journals and magazines—there are a dozen of them altogether, including such prominent organs as the *New York American*, the *New York Evening Journal*, the *Chicago American*, the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *Boston American*—to make great play with the age-long Irish grievance, and now that this stick no longer serves to beat the British Government with, he has had to find a new weapon. As usual, he has picked it out of the gutter. I find in a recent issue of the *New York Sunday American* a foul and slanderous attack, not upon the British Government or its policy, but upon the person of the Prince of Wales. For sheer depravity this onslaught upon the Heir Apparent to the English Throne beats anything Hearst ever did, and that is saying a lot. Wise in his evil fashion, he recognises that the Prince is the idol of the British people, and for the gratification of his spite against this nation he does not hesitate to spit his venom into the face of as clean a specimen of British manhood as ever breathed. Observe the vicious cunning of this rascal, who, when he selects a British personage of eminence for personal attack, deliberately chooses one who is precluded by his high position from defending himself against the shafts of slander. I do not propose to insult my readers by quoting in detail from the article which, in its monstrous suggestions, approaches the border-line of rank indecency. Far better let it be buried in the files of the *New York American*, beneath the filth which has followed it. Suffice it to say that the most harmless episodes in the Prince's social life in London have been made to bear an interpretation which only the debased mind of a William Randolph Hearst could have imagined. To add to the insult, the whole thing has been decked out with fantastic pictures and sketches drawn for the occasion under the inspiration of the French comic artists. Here we see Hearst at his slimiest and dirtiest. It is a damnable insult to the best-loved figure in the British Empire. With such scribes to serve him, I am sorry for Uncle Sam.

Base Enmity.

For, needless to say, I entertain no feelings of hostility towards the great American nation. I welcome each fresh evidence of a better understanding, and trust the day may be far distant when any serious cause of difference will arise. It is sheer, blind folly to assume that the American people, as a whole, are hostile to Great Britain any more than the citizens of the United Kingdom as a body are at enmity with the United States. Not for a moment do I forget that the American Republic is a sovereign and independent State, and I certainly do not expect for a single instant that its citizens should pay homage to the British Throne. I do

THE WE

Too long such trees of Waste as these
Across the path have stood;

ON OUR PRINCE.

Screaming Scurrility—The Man We Love.

EDITOR.

plead, however, for common decency in international relationships, and I would most strongly urge that the time has come when the civilised sense of a war-weary world should curb the unruly tongues and pens of men like William Randolph Hearst, who for the price of a few dirty shekels are willing to assassinate the Angel of Peace.

Wild Slanders.

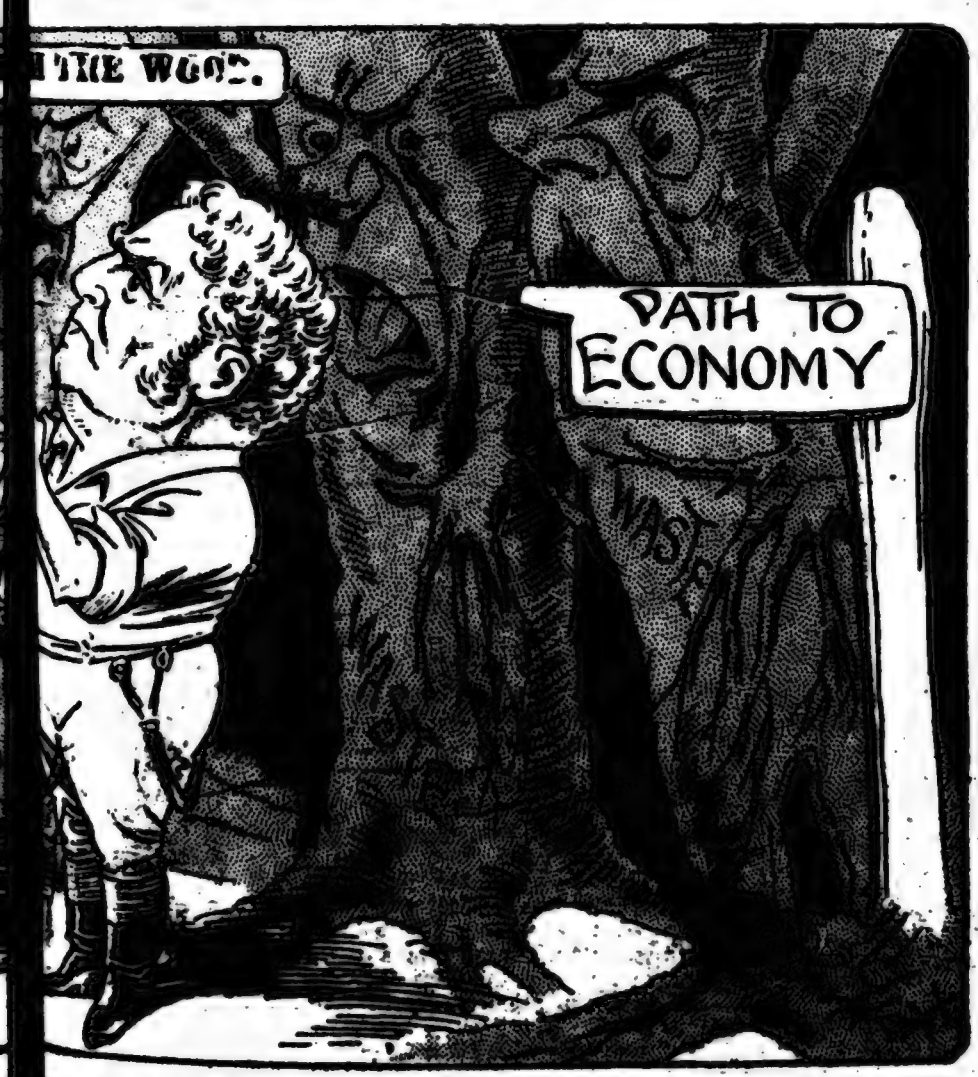
There is just this to be said. Like most malicious liars, Hearst considerably overdoes it, and some of his slanders upon the Prince of Wales, if they were less base, would be positively ludicrous. There may be a small section of the American public who will accept the defamation of the Prince without protest, but for the most part the common sense of readers on both sides of the Atlantic will revolt from the sheer falsehood of the picture with which this son of Ananias bedaubs the pages of the *New York Sunday American*. We are asked to believe, for instance, that the Prince is perfunctory in the discharge of his public duties; that he evinces an impatient contempt for the obligations of his great position, and is entirely lacking in those qualities of self-sacrifice and industry which we look for in the heir to the British Throne. And this, if you please, at the moment when this young man who, if he had chosen, might have lived at ease in England, has cheerfully undertaken a mission so difficult and dangerous that in the breasts of most of us fear for his safety has mingled with admiration for his splendid pluck. All this Hearst knows, as well as I know it. But a blow at the Prince is a blow at the heart of England, and so the foul-mouthed bully strikes. This time we get not studied slander, but mere inane scurrility suited to the taste of the grown-up children who feed on this sort of stuff. The Prince, we are told, has gone to India "to marry a rich Maharajah's daughter and smooth out the mutinous disaffection of England's most precious possession." Then follows a mass of gaudy description of "the almost unbelievable wealth" of a certain highly-placed Indian potentate, and what purports to be photographs of his two daughters. I am concerned not with the text of this wanton article but with the motive which has prompted it, and this, I submit, can be summed up in the one word—Insult! Insult to Britain through her beloved Prince; and insult, too, through a gallant comrade in arms, to every American lad who fought side by side with the British Armies in France. The British people, thank God, have no quarrel with the United States, and I want them to recognise William Randolph Hearst for what he is—no true American, but a money-grubbing parasite of the most obnoxious type. I want the people of this country to understand, since the American newspapers reach these shores by every mail, that whether they are reading the *New York American* or the *Chicago Examiner*, the *New York Evening Journal* or the *Atlanta American*, the *Cosmopolitan* or *Hearst's Magazine*, they are consuming not honest American opinion, but simply the evil product of a single jaundiced mind.

Screaming Scurrility.

For years past, William Randolph Hearst has been known as a hard hitter—always below the belt. Clean controversy has no attraction for him. During the war, it was by a campaign of organised lying, carried on simultaneously through his network of newspapers, that he contrived to checkmate the efforts of those who, like Theodore Roosevelt, and, at a much later date, Woodrow Wilson, saw that for America, as a freedom-loving nation, there was no choice between war and dishonour. In the Hearst picture, flashed to every corner of the United States in successive editions of his sensational journals, the Germans were the fine flower of knightly chivalry and the British the hob-nail booted bullies of Europe, deaf and blind to the appeal of mercy. No indictment of German infamy was too heavy for Hearst to turn it upside down and call High Heaven to witness that Britain was the villain of the drama. As a brilliant contributor to the *New York Tribune* wrote at the time: "To enforce his subtle arguments Hearst employs all methods, from distortion of facts to counsels of cowardice and despair, and always he is following Germany's lead and serving her need of the moment." Nothing has ever been too bad for him, no argument too mean, no weapon too scurrilous. For Britain he has a consuming hatred which, during the war, wreaked itself upon the nameless heroes of her Armies, as now it assails the honour of her Prince.

Friendship Still.

But do not let us mistake this screech-owl for the true American eagle, or these hoarse shriekings as the authentic voice of the American nation. We—the people of Great Britain and the United States—can be friends and so remain *if only we learn to recognise our common enemies.* For William Randolph Hearst and his kidney are the foes of America no less than of Great Britain. There is such a thing as political arson—the deliberate setting fire to the inflammable stuff of human passion—and in every civilised land this crime ought for the future to rank as a capital felony. It will be a misfortune if the circulation of the Hearst newspapers in this country should betray unthinking people into the belief that this poisoner of the wells of human intercourse speaks for more than a small minority of the great American nation. I hope I have given the true perspective, and in conclusion I want to add that in my opinion there are few things better worth striving for in the world to-day than a firm and sensible understanding between the Commonwealth of Britain and the great Republic of the West. Some day, I am convinced, it will come, and those in both continents who "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold which Milton held," will be linked in a brotherhood against which not all the Hearsts and their evil henchmen in the wide world can prevail. *And now three cheers for the Prince, and a safe return to gladden our hearts once again with his bonny smile! We know him and love him, caring less than nothing for slanders which have their roots in base envy and jealous hatred. God Save the King!*



S CARTOON.

They've got to fall, in spite of all!
The loud "whines" from the wood.

COLOURED MEDICINE-MEN.

PARLIAMENT MUST STOP "NATIVE" DOCTORING.

A growing menace to the community is the coloured doctor, particularly Chinese, Japanese, Hindoo, and Negro. Some of these, by pinching and scraping, have attained a bare standard of qualification, passing on, *via* the hospitals, to practise as medical men. But of the noble traditions and code of honour of the white physician they know nothing and care less. In the lower class districts of all great cities the unusual becomes the marvellous, and some of the wily coloured doctors make the most of the alleged mystic powers attributed to the ancient East, until they are credited with almost supernatural powers. These "medicine-men" bring disgrace upon the many reputable qualified coloured doctors by using the commonest and cheapest of drugs, whilst their compounding is neither cleanly nor accurate, and they peddle with secrecy and profit undesirable quack nostrums. No chemist looks up the nationality of a doctor who signs prescriptions, and these native physicians are often barefaced traffickers in dope. The moral code and passions of the coloured man dealing with white women are things which need not be dwelt upon here, but cases are only too numerous of advantage being taken of the opportunities afforded for disgusting liberties. But perhaps the greatest danger is the readiness to perform illegal operations. The British Medical Association is powerless to refuse registration to any person, of whatever colour, race, or religion, who qualifies, and it is therefore the plain duty of Parliament to forbid the practice of coloured medical men except of the very highest of qualifications and character.

THE FALL OF LANSBURY.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR THE PRIDE OF POPLAR.

When the red flaggers of Poplar, darling friends of that notorious apostle of British Bolshevism, Mr. George Lansbury, take to entertaining him and his fellow Guardians with a hose-pipe for his pains on their behalf, it may be taken for granted that he has commenced his first practical lesson in "Soviet rule." It must be said that his "Red" friends are very ungrateful, for he has done his damnedest for them by trying to feed them and fatten them at the ratepayers' expense while they do no other work than that of eating their bread in the sweat of their jaw. Now, to please his reckless Reds, Mr. George Lansbury would have had not the slightest scruple in exhausting the resources of all the banks in Poplar. But they had no money to finance his fanatic and foolhardy schemes, nor was the Minister of Health prepared to countenance a scale of alms which would have kept a man, his wife, and six children in idleness upon £4 11s. a week. Thus the pride of Poplar fell, and his fellow Guardians with him. They could not work miracles; they could not give away what they had not got, and that is why the disappointed Reds marched upon their would-be benefactors like a conquering army, besieged them in their council chamber until 4.15 of a cold and frosty morning and, when Mr. Lansbury was so fed up with their base ingratitude that he stigmatised them as cowards, turned the hose-pipe upon him and bade him flee the wrath. It must have been a great scene. Certainly it is not a spectacle which the history books will willingly allow to die—ranking, indeed, with the other famous East-end siege—that in Sydney Street.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 18.

FORTY-FOUR READERS EACH RECEIVE £45.

One of the matches set for this competition, Everton *v.* Middlesbrough, was not played to a finish because of bad weather. Accordingly, the prize of £2,000 was awarded for the remaining nine matches played on February 4th. Coupons containing correct forecasts of these nine events were received from the following 44 competitors, who thus divide the prize of £2,000, each receiving the sum of £45 9s. 2d.:—

Adye, J., Horsefair, Malmesbury; Archer, J., 6, Wilson St., Burton Rd., Lincoln; Aston, A., 6, Wenlock Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; Ball, A., 165, Lupus St., Pimlico, S.W.1; Berryman, H., 58, Mount Gold Rd., Plymouth; Bint, W., 9, Ennismore Mews, S.W.7; Bone, S. E., 2, Bassett St., Falmouth; Brevett, E., The Old Cottage, Shooter's Way, Berkhamsted; Browne, Miss M., Convalescent Home, Leatock Hall, nr. Preston; Bull, W., 22, Victoria Bldgs., Bath; Cadman, E., 11, Lord Byron St., Elswick, Newcastle-on-T.; Clewer, W. L., Reamby, Leicester; Coventry, J., 14, Lyon St., Dundee; Fortune, J. Y., Blackford Glen Rd., Liberton, Edinburgh; Fretwell, A. J., Elm, Wisbech; Goodfellow, W., 21, Green Lane, Kettering; Goodson, A., 41, Loasdale Rd., Nottingham; Haggerty, Alex., Romilly, Dailly, Ayrshire; Hartwell, G., Swinesbead, Boston; Haworth, W., 18, St. James' St., Waterfoot; Hazlewood, R., Great Blakenham, nr. Ipswich; Higham, J., 79, Elizabeth St., Atherton, nr. Manchester; Hutchings, G., 562, Alum Rock Rd., Saltley, Birmingham; James, R., 44, Lydbury North, Shropshire; King, A., 19, Mansfield Rd., Hawick; Kingdon, J. R., 75a, Grand Parade, Harringay; Leysell, A. E., 44, Orsett Rd., Grays, Essex; Lowe, Mrs. P., Bull Ring, Ludlow; May, Mrs. W. A., Newlyn East, Grampound Rd., Cornwall; Nicholson, H., 17, Carver Court, Otley Rd., Bradford; Pearcy, H. V., 14, Hannington Rd., Boscombe; Pope, E., 107, Kennington Av., Bristol; Pryor, J. W., 63, Court Rd., Wolverhampton; Sage, D. A., 2, Park Grove, Hull; Sledge!, Mrs. A., "Inkerman," Bella Vista Terr., Brixham; Standish, Mrs., 58, Seaforth Rd., Seaforth, Liverpool; Stevens, E. J. D., 145b, Silver St., Upper Edmonton; Thomas, W. H., 39, Starbuck Rd., Milford Haven; Turnbull, R. E., 14, Percy St., Middlesbrough; Walton, E. N., Einor Lane, Whaley Bridge; Williams, F., 69, Carr Mill Rd., Billinge, nr. Wigan; Woods, Miss M. E., 14, St. Mary's Place, Bury; Yates, J., 21, Derbyshire St., Radcliffe, nr. Manchester; Young, Wm., Muirhouse, Falkirk.

This week we are offering a prize of £1,000 for the correct, or next best, forecast of only ten matches. This huge prize *must be won* in any event.

SHORT STORY OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE— ORDINARY INSURANCE.

In the last article comparison was made between the average cost of the Ordinary and the Industrial Insurance system, and it was shown that the comparison which is usually given by assailants of the Industrial system was founded on a false analogy. Here it is necessary to deal with a factor generally ignored when dealing with the problems of Industrial Insurance. Industrial Insurance has had a most powerful educational effect upon the masses in more ways than one. Before it appeared there was practically no effective agency for instilling into the minds of the masses the virtue and the necessity of thrift. Thrift has not yet reached among our working classes as deep roots as in some other countries; but the spirit is growing, and Industrial Insurance can claim not only to have been the first to sow the seeds, but to have attained a most extraordinary success in fostering its growth.

There is no more convincing proof of this than the progress in recent years of Ordinary or middle-class Insurance transacted by the Industrial Insurance Offices.

Some idea of the dimensions may be derived from a statement of the new business done in the year 1920. Thus the ordinary life offices issued 187,124 new policies, assuring sums of over £94,000,000 for premiums of £4,124,018, while the ordinary branches of the Industrial offices issued 338,632 new policies assuring sums of over £50,000,000 for premiums of £3,287,821.

It thus appears that of a total of £7,400,000 new premiums secured by upwards of 80 Offices, over £3,000,000 goes to less than 20 Industrial Offices. The fact that the sums assured in relation to the premiums paid in the case of the Industrial Offices is much less than that of the Ordinary Offices indicates that a far greater proportion of the policies are Endowments. In fact, this is a real saving and thrift movement among the middle classes, many of whom have not the capital or the facilities, if they had the will, to indulge in investing in Stock Exchange transactions.

A consideration of the number of policies issued by each class of Office will correct a popular error which sees a conflict between Industrial Insurance Offices and the Offices for Ordinary Insurance. Instead of being rivals to each other, they might be better described as complementary; instead of its being true that Industrial Insurance diminishes Ordinary Insurance, it is much truer to say that Industrial Insurance is one of the great contributory causes of the increase—especially in the lower middle classes—of Ordinary Insurance. In fact, Industrial Insurance has created this business, and there is no body in the community which needs insurance more than the lower middle classes. The work of the Industrial Offices in this respect is of the greatest interest, and is of enormous importance in the economic condition of the Nation.

We now turn to another subject of criticism in Industrial Insurance. It is said that an undue number of policies lapse, and that the offices profit by such lapses. A very telling reply to this and to other charges is to point to the enormous and rapidly growing popularity of Industrial Insurance, and when it is mentioned that there are over 50 million of Industrial policies now in force, on which over £35,000,000 are paid annually in premiums, little more need be said on this head. It is of interest, however, to examine the subject more closely.

WHAT IS A LAPSE?

A lapse is the termination by the policyholder of a policy by discontinuance of the premium payments. But before the benefits of a policy can be lost by such termination an Act of Parliament requires that the policyholder shall be informed in writing of the amount of any arrears due, and then be given at least 14 days' grace to pay them.

EFFORTS TO PREVENT LAPSING

If this was all the notice the policyholder received he might possibly have some reason to complain. But actually, such a notice is not commonly issued until many weeks' premiums have remained unpaid, and each week the agent will have called and used his most persuasive powers to induce the policyholder to continue his payments, or at least to pay off some of the arrears. If the agent fail in his endeavours, other representatives of the Office (the superintendent) will visit the policyholder with the same object, the latter thus being reminded weekly for eight or a dozen weeks or more, verbally, before he receives a legal notice at the end giving him another fortnight. Policyholders, therefore, are insured not only during the time for which they pay premiums, but probably for three months longer, during which time they pay nothing.

WHY ARE LAPSES DISCOURAGED?

The agent also has every reason to discourage lapsing. In his own interests he will make every effort to prevent a lapse, as, broadly, he is paid according to his collections, and a lapse means direct financial loss.

The Superintendent, too, is equally interested in the maintainance and growth of his section and district, and lapses, accordingly, are not desired by him either. As regards the Management of the Office, it also desires healthy growth, knowing that the larger the business the more economically is it possible to manage it, and the more possibilities there are of increased benefits for policyholders. It may be added that the bulk of policies which lapse do so within six months of their issue, and constitute an absolute financial loss to the office. A reasoned answer is thus given to the question why lapses are discouraged.

FREE POLICIES.

If, notwithstanding all efforts, the policyholder decides to lapse his policy, then generally, if the policy has been in force for at least a period of from 3 to 5 years, the Office will grant him a new policy, free of all premiums, for a reduced sum, representing the surrender value of the policy, or will grant him a new policy at his present age, with immediate full benefit, in consideration of the premiums paid under the lapsed policy.

The foregoing omits all reference to the special concessions allowed to the policyholders by all offices in times of stagnation of trade and consequent unemployment, with a view to the easing of the payment of premiums and the maintaining of the policies in force.

(The continuation of this story will appear in next week's issue.)

THE BARRY SERVICE EMBRACES BOTH HEMISPHERES.

THE BARRY SERVICE

— AND THE —

'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE

No newspaper is more vigilant to safeguard the wellbeing and interests of its readers than "John Bull."

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We offer you here a ten-day test which will change your ideas about teeth cleaning.

The old methods failed to end film. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discoloured and decayed. Now dental science has corrected those mistakes, and we urge you to see the result.

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That viscous film you feel on teeth is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. It dims the teeth's lustre, and when you leave it, night and day it may be unceasing in effect.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere endorse them.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people have come to employ it. And glistening teeth, half the world over, now show its delightful effects.

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Each use will also multiply the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It will multiply the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It will multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay.

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. John Bull 18-2-22

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—
JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

Ire in Ireand:—Some idiot has put the ire into Ireland properly by charging British soldiers 18s. 6d. for Army blankets which are being sold to civilians and members of the Free State army for a shilling. He must be the same prize fool who ordered ten shillings to be stopped out of a dead man's credit to pay for the blanket he was buried in.

Any for Tommy?—By the way, we should like to know why troops being demobbed in Ireland should not receive the same bounties and pensions for services rendered as regular members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. They did the work. Why should they not receive the same reward?

Justice for Auxiliaries:—Then there is much righteous indignation among the R.I.C. Auxiliaries, who are being disbanded and sent back from Ireland with barely a month's pay and no prospect of any other employment, although the Government had entered into engagements to keep them on until November. Whether the repudiation of that contract is deliberate or merely the result of departmental muddling remains to be seen.

Axe for Brass-Hatters: — The ornamental brass-hatters who are to come under the Geddes' axe will not expect Tommy Atkins or anybody else to shed many tears for them. We hope, however, that junior Army officers who have made good, or who have been induced to seek a military career through Sandhurst or Woolwich at considerable expense, will be turned down as seldom as possible. Rumour has it that 2,000 officers of one sort or another at home and in India will be cast adrift.

Good-bye to the *Chester*:—The famous light cruiser *Chester*—on which the boy hero Jack Cornwall laid down his life in winning his V.C.—has been sold and towed to Wales to be broken up. But the 5.5 gun that Jack served at the Battle of Jutland, with the ship's ensign and bell and other relics, have, we are glad to say, now been added to the thousands of similar treasures, mementoes of British heroism by sea and land, enshrined in the Imperial War Museum.

Workhouse Prisoners:—An unfortunate ex-Service man who has been forced to accept the hospitality of the Edmonton Guardians complains bitterly that he has not been allowed out of the institution since last October, although he has made several applications for leave in order that he may search for work and find a home for his children. The Guardians stipulate that if he leaves the "house" he shall take his discharge, with his two youngsters. It seems hard, but he should remember that many Guardians have found deserted children left on their hands in such circumstances. It is a case of the just suffering for the sins of the unjust.

Belated Identity: — Reported, missing and mourned as dead by his parents for four years, a soldier who enlisted in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and served in the Dardanelles, Egypt and Palestine, has just been discovered in an Indian Military Hospital, suffering from loss of memory. The Military Authorities must have been suffering from a similar lapse or worse. What on earth is the value of an identity badge if it is not available in a case of this kind?

Limbs for the Limbless!—Most heartily do we welcome a suggestion made in the speech of Captain H. H. C. Baird, D.S.O., Vice-President of the Disabled Society, to the effect that "the Ministry of Pensions should take every possible step to let limbless men know that if they applied for the new light limbs they would get them." It is very probable that many men thus seriously handicapped are unaware that the Ministry remove this disability so far as can be done by artificial replacements.

Classed as a Criminal!—On February 20th, 1915, Winton Osborne, then a youngster of 18 years, volunteered for the R.A.S.C. He was sent to France a few weeks later, and served there continuously at the Front till Armistice, and then in Germany till 1919, when he was discharged with an excellent record, three medals and a ribbon, five chevrons, and the personal thanks of his C.O. On December 30th last, having become "a bit merry" in company with some pals, he thought it would be a lark to go for a "joy ride." "Commandeering" a motor car belonging to the County Surveyor of Wiltshire, which was standing outside the County Hall, he had driven it only a few yards when he was challenged by a chauffeur, and left the vehicle at once.

A Travesty of Justice:—Nevertheless, he was arrested, locked up, allowed no communication with his distracted mother or friends, and no opportunity of securing legal assistance. Charged next day with "stealing" the car, he was summarily sentenced to a month in gaol, no inquiry whatever being made or statement allowed as to his character, antecedents and War service. To stigmatise so fine a youngster as a criminal for such a trivial and harmless freak is a shocking and shameless travesty of justice.

The Right to Work:—The attitude of the majority of the unemployed in general, and of those who are ex-Service men in particular, is "Damn the dole—give us a job!" At Newbury they have emphasised that point of view by demanding work as a legal right, citing in support of the demand old Acts of Parliament, dating from the days of good Queen Bess and "Farmer George," rendering it obligatory on the Guardians to provide "work for wages." Our ancestors had practical statesmen at the head of affairs!

Not Hard-Worked!—A correspondent, signing himself "Farmer," writes to a Scottish paper: "Allow me to tell ex-Service men that they did nothing but their duty, and although they were in the war, my idea is that they were not hard-worked." Of course, it was not hard work crouching in a puddle of mud and blood under a sheet of corrugated iron waiting your turn to be blown to hell by a German shell, and it didn't require much exertion to press a trigger, while sticking a bayonet into a nice, fat Hun was a positive pleasure. But it is devilish hard work struggling back to health and happiness, especially with people like "Farmer" about.

Jack's Money:—The following awards of Salvage Money are now ready for distribution: Salvage of s.s. *Dowlais* by H.M. tug *Sprite* on the 17th and 18th May, 1917; salvage of s.s. *Strombus* by H.M. tugs *Andros*, *Rescue*, *Veleran* (now *Ancient*), *Restive*, *Cracker* and *Orient* and working party from H.M. Dockyard, Malta, between the 5th June and 17th July, 1918; salvage of *Seven Bulls*, ex. s.s. *Tartary*, by H.M. yacht *Greta* and H.M. trawler *Sealark II.* on the 16th May, 1918.

What Need to Apply?—Mr. Macpherson, replying in the House to a question as to the issue of badges to men who had lost one or two legs in the war, to enable them to obtain special consideration from railway, tramcar and omnibus companies, said they were already available to those who cared to apply to the Local Pensions Committee. But why should these distinctive signs be subject to the whims or discretion of Committees whose record generally is one of delay and stinginess? If the badge is of any service at all, it should be issued without query to the man on discharge from hospital.

The Laughter of Fools: — Many of the unemployed at Ramsgate, as elsewhere, are men who fought and suffered in the war; and, for the life of them, they can't see why the Ramsgate Town Council should have displayed contemptuous mirth when "considering"—and turning down—their polite request that the Council should nominate a member to represent that body on the Unemployment Committee. Compulsory idleness and semi-starvation are serious and humiliating matters for all self-respecting men, and anyone callous enough to "laugh" at such grievances reveals himself as devoid of common intelligence, let alone human feeling.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From F. S., Hull: "I beg to offer you my sincere thanks for your successful efforts with regard to arrears of pension, which I have now received. My regret is that owing to my unemployment and distress I am not in a position to send a substantial grant to your fund."

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Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it."

OUR GAS SUPPLY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL GAS COUNCIL.

By a Correspondent.

After hearing his speech to the Shareholders of The Gas Light and Coke Company, I obtained an interview with Mr. D. Milne Watson (the Governor of that Company and the President of the National Gas Council of Great Britain and Ireland) to ask him for some further information respecting the question which has been so much ventilated in the Press recently as to the quality of gas now being supplied to the public and as to whether it has become more dangerous than formerly as a consequence of recent legislation.

No Change in Gas Supplied.

In answer to the question I put to him on this point, Mr. Milne Watson stated emphatically that the gas supplied to-day by his own Company and throughout the country is not a whit less safe to use than it has been for many years. As a matter of fact, in most cases the gas now supplied contains less carbon-monoxide than it did during the war and especially during the recent coal stoppage.

Mr. Milne Watson pointed out that, "as everybody knows, or should know, gas has been dangerous to use in careless or ignorant ways for the hundred years and more that it has served the community. All gas necessarily contains enough carbon-monoxide to be poisonous if it is inhaled unburnt, and if it contained no carbon-monoxide would asphyxiate anyone who continuously breathed it. Like fire, water, steam, petrol or electricity, gas is a good servant but a bad master."

No Odourless Gas Being Supplied.

"But," I said to him, "is it not the fact that carbon-monoxide has no smell, and that this odourless gas is now being supplied in such a way that people can breathe it unconsciously and be thereby seriously affected or killed?" Mr. Milne Watson assured me that such a suggestion was absolutely untrue and inherently ridiculous. Carbon-monoxide in only supplied as one of the constituents of a mixed gas from which it does not become separated, and which has a strong, characteristic and offensive odour which makes an escape of such gas instantly noticeable.

Escapes Less Frequent.

The next question that I asked him was: "Are escapes of gas more frequent than formerly?" To this his reply was that evidence given before a Board of Trade Committee recently showed that, thanks to improved gas fittings, better workmanship in installation and the much more general knowledge respecting the use of gas in these days than formerly, accidents due to its use are fewer in proportion now than ever. "The surprise," said he, "is not that there are occasional accidents attending the constant supply of gas to somewhere about 35 million people in this country, but that happily those accidents are so few.

"That, of course, does not mean that the gas industry is in any way indifferent to the occurrence of such accidents. On the contrary it has sought, and is always seeking, by every means through recommending the use of improved gas piping, fittings, appliances, and their installation and maintenance by properly qualified workmen, to diminish accidents.

"Of course," said Mr. Milne Watson, "the public should continue to be careful, but they have no need to be fearful. There is no more danger now than formerly; no change whatever has taken place to their disadvantage.

"There is another point, Mr. Milne Watson," I said, "on which I should like information for the public, and that is: Are the products of combustion from burnt gas more harmful if there is a high percentage of carbon-monoxide in the gas supplied than if the percentage is low?" Here, again, the reply was entirely reassuring. "There is no carbon-monoxide in the products from completely burnt gas, whatever percentage of carbon-monoxide there may have been in the gas before it was burnt. The only products from the complete combustion of gas are carbonic acid and water vapour, which scientific research has clearly demonstrated to be in no way poisonous."

Recent Legislation has made No Change.

"Then, Mr. Milne Watson, it is not true to suggest that recent legislation has given the gas industry freedom to supply a more dangerous gas than formerly it could, and that the gas industry as a consequence of that legislation is exposing the public to increased risk?"

"Certainly not. Any such suggestion is absolutely without foundation. The Gas Companies have never been under any statutory or other restriction regarding the percentage of carbon-monoxide in the gas supplied. When the manufacture of carburetted water gas (which contains a high percentage of carbon-monoxide) was introduced into this country for the sake of the convenience and economy which attended its employment as an adjunct to coal gas manufacture, fears were expressed, as they are being expressed now, as to the possibility of increased danger of damage to the public health. After careful enquiry, however, the Government of the day decided not to impose any restriction, and for a quarter of a century carburetted-water-gas has been made and distributed in admixture with coal gas, with no restriction as to the carbon-monoxide content of the mixed gas supplied: and although during emergencies that percentage has been double what it is to-day, there has been no detrimental effect on public health."

Gas Helps to Lower Death Rate.

"It is not without significance that the death-rate for London during the past year was the lowest on record. This was not unconnected with the fact that, owing to the practical abolition of smoke and the very general use of gas during the three months for which the supplies of coal were stopped, the hours of sunshine enjoyed in London were much higher than normally."

America Uses Double our Carbon-Monoxide.

"Is the percentage of carbon-monoxide in the gas supplied in America as high as it is in this country?" I asked. The answer was really a startling one: "Not only as high, but in many cases double the percentage supplied here. For example, in Washington, nothing but carburetted water gas is supplied, and the Bureau of Public Health for that city state the percentage of carbon-monoxide in the gas (over 28 per cent., which is double the percentage contained in the gas we are supplying in London to-day) has no detrimental effect upon the health of the capital of the United States.

"Let me emphasise again," said Mr. Milne Watson, "the fact that no change in the gas supplied has taken place as the result of recent legislation, which did not confer upon the gas industry any greater freedom than it previously possessed, but provided that enquiry should be held into the question of whether that freedom should be continued. Such an enquiry has been held by a competent and independent committee of the Board of Trade, which reported that it was of opinion that no restriction on the percentage of carbon-monoxide was necessary or desirable."

The Interests of the Public Safeguarded.

"The gas industry is simply confirmed in a freedom that it has always possessed and has never abused, and which it has no intention to abuse to the detriment of the public—a course that, as the slightest reflection would show, would be detrimental to its own prosperity. I am frankly surprised," concluded Mr. Milne Watson, "that anybody in his senses should have supposed that the responsible administrators of any industry—let alone one of the public importance and repute of the gas industry—would embark upon a policy of combined homicide and suicide!"

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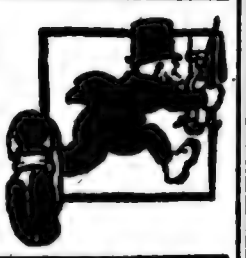

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Sheffield for Steel—Switzerland and TOBLER for Swiss Milk Chocolate.

TOBLERONE Switzerland's OWN.

TOBLERONE deserves a "Nobel" Prize for Quality.

TOBLERONE—Born in Switzerland, yet citizen of every heart.

Tasty, Tempting, Toothsome TOBLERONE.

Be wise. During the run of this competition, buy all the 10d. TOBLERONE you can. Keep on writing Slogans, each on a separate wrapper bearing your name and address (see conditions)—and, of course, you will keep on eating TOBLERONE, which will inspire your efforts. Remember a happy thought, and half a minute with the pen may enrich you £100.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Adjudicator of the Six Principal Cash Prizes shall be a prominent public person, whose opinion will be quite independent of that of Chocolat Tobler Ltd. and whose name will be announced later in Press advertisements.
2. No Entrant shall be awarded more than one prize.
3. Slogans must be plainly written, in ink only, on the inside of the 10d. TOBLERONE original wrapper (the famous triangular packet), together with name and address. Not more than one Slogan may be written on any one wrapper, but THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF WRAPPERS YOU MAY SEND IN.
4. Entries must reach us not later than 31st MARCH, 1922, addressed to CHOCOLAT TOBLER LTD., 37, 39 and 41, Bolton Street, LIVERPOOL, and the envelope or parcel must be marked "Slogans" in top left-hand corner, and be stamped at ordinary letter rate. Many competitors may wish to send in their attempts week by week, instead of in bulk at the last moment, and this they may certainly do.
5. Chocolat Tobler Ltd. will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit or otherwise, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition, nor should correspondence be enclosed with the entries.
6. All Slogans received shall become the absolute property of Chocolat Tobler Ltd.
7. In all matters relating to this competition the decision of the Adjudicators shall be final and legally binding to all parties, and acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.
8. No employee of Chocolat Tobler Ltd. may be an entrant of this competition.

Cut out this Advertisement for reference.

The names and addresses of the Cash Prize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail" on April 20th, 1922.

If in difficulty, send 1½d. (and address of your confectioner) for each packet of TOBLERONE required.

CHOCOLAT TOBLER LTD.,

Bolton Street, LIVERPOOL.

Confectioners should send for particulars of our Great Competition for Traders only, £1,650 Cash Prizes

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD ALLENBY.

GOOD gracious, if it ain't Lord Allenby! I was 'oping, my lord, that w'en you arrived in London you might by chance drop in, because there was one or two things I wanted to see yer about. The point, me lord, is this—you done sich splendid work out in Palestine thet it seems a bit rough thet anybody should 'ave ter criticise yer work in Egypt. But you are an Englishman and so am I, an' thet is w'y I don't like you suggestin' thet the fuzzy-wuzzies should 'ave anythink in the shape of *h*independency.

* * *

I can tell yer a bit about Egypt. Me father was a stoker in the P. & O. line, an' I kin remember the time w'en there wasn't no Suez Canal at all, an' w'en they 'ad to carry the passengers' baggage acrorss the desert. Egypt was quiet then. An' then we cut the Canal—at least, the French did—shortenin' the journey. But suppose there was no Canal to-day. An' w'en I ses thet, I means this: If the Egyptian Bolsheviks—an' they ain't nothin' more or less than thet—'ad their *h*independency, they could shut the Canal, an' we should be in the same place as wot we was fifty years ago.

Now, look 'ere, me lord. W'en the Indian Mutiny broke out, it took some months before the news came to England thet white women an' children was bein' tortured, outraged, an' murdered in India, because there wasn't the telegraph, an' ships 'ad ter go round the Cape. There wasn't no Canal. You know what the unrest in Egypt is now. If we cut out the shortest route o' communication to India, wot's goin' to 'appen?

I am surprised at you, me lord. I am surprised at you suggestin' *h*independency for Egypt. To begin with, 'oo are the Egyptians? They ain't Egyptians in the true senso o' the word. They're a mixed race—we've gotter go back to the Scripture before we kin find the true Egyptian. An' you suggest thet the Protectorate should be done away with—thet Egyptian *h*independency should be declared and wot you'd call Constitutional Government take its place?

Me lord, think it out agin—think o' the white women and children in Egypt. There's a black population, or at least a dusky one, of many millions, an' there's a few thousan' whites wot keep them under control. A Indian Editor of a native paper the other day sed thet the on'y thing thet kep the Indian people loyal was the British Raj—in other words, the British occupation.

* * *

I think, me lord, thet w'en you take into consideration the fack thet the Prince o' Wales, the Heir to the Throne—presently to be the Emperor of India—is out East, yore suggestions touchin' Egypt is most untimely. W'ether you like it or not, I speaks me mind

Will you think 'em out, me lord, an' if you should 'ave a chawnce drop in agin an' see me? Will you? Thank you, me lord. These 'ere toffs always comes it 'andsome.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SOUTH WALES EVENING EXPRESS":—"He was about 45, and HIS WIFE ABOUT THREE YEARS OLD. THEY HAD NO CHILDREN."

"STRATHEARN HERALD" (advertisement):—"RETRIEVER DOG for Sale, MAKE EXCELLENT WATCH AND CHAIN."

"TORBAY EXPRESS AND ECHO":—"Only one class was provided for RABBITS. The winner was a fine Angora, of good colour and type, but the hind failed in coat."

"NORTH EASTERN SPORTS GAZETTE":—"With 1 MINUTES TO GO Hawes had to be assisted off the field. . . Hawes returned to the field A COUPLE OF MINUTES BEFORE THE END."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"The 'plane is . . . 32 feet long, has a wing spread of 40 feet, and can carry 30 TONS OF PETROL. . . . It only weighs two and a half tons."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

All advertisements appearing in JOHN BULL are fully guaranteed by the proprietors of this journal. You can, therefore, buy with perfect safety the goods thus advertised. It will pay you always to study the advertisements. There are bargains on every page. Take a few:—

Bolsom Bros. are selling at 5s. 6d. splendid new flannel shirts which actually cost the Government 11s. 6d.

S. A. Barry & Co. repeat their offer of made-to-measure wool suits from £2 10s.

Pepsodents send a free 10-day supply of their famous dentifrice

The JOHN BULL guarantee appears on page iii of cover, while "Small Ads. Worth Watching" will be found on page 17.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Verge of Destitution:—Back from Flanders, an ex-soldier with a wife and four youngsters has succeeded in finding only ill-paid casual work, and very little of it. His landlord was about to evict him for rent, and the hire-purchase people were coming for their furniture, when the man visited us.

The Widow and Her Mite:—The pensionless widow of a soldier has a child of tender years, and the poor woman has to keep things going by dressmaking. She was ill and unable to work, and was consequently in debt when she wrote to us for the help which we readily sent.

The Woman's Plea:—Her husband is an ex-Tommy, who met with an accident and cannot work. Food was not in sight, and as rent was owing the landlord threatened eviction.

Left Destitute:—Having been on short time for a considerable period, a man who recently died was naturally unable to leave anything worth mentioning for the support of his widow and three young orphans, one of whom is now ill. The unfortunate woman was destitute when her case was presented to us.

For the Babies:—Still brigades of babies are being born to our humble poor, with the consequent necessity for a further appeal for clothing to make the little mites comfortable. Have you any to spare?

THE CLAIM OF PITY.

Imagine the bitter scene. In the home of an unemployed ex-Service man who, while the war raged, fought gallantly for his King and Country, the Angel of Death has been busy. The first victim is a two-year-old baby; and already the grim visitor hovers around the bed of two other children, both desperately ill. It has been a struggle between hunger and heroism, and at the moment it seems that the breadwinner has fought a losing battle with the forces of adversity. Not in any spirit of boasting, but rather if possible to move the compassion of our readers and enlist their aid, we name our part in this little tragedy. Clearly it was a case for prompt monetary assistance, and this, through the generosity of our friends, we were at once able to furnish.

THE HEALING BALM.

But the money gift was not all. It was a token of real human sympathy, and in such cases as this it is that which counts above all else. Just the knowledge that other wayfarers on life's highway are sparing a thought for those who are down and out. It is hard that men who risked life and limb in the cause of civilisation should be reduced to such a pass, but it would be harder still if there were none to answer when the cry for succour came. This case, alas! is one of hundreds that are brought to our notice from week to week. "If only our readers knew," we say, as too often we have to shut our ears to the claim of human pity. Never, perhaps, was there a time when there were so many tear-stained pages in the "short and simple annals of the poor."

MORE CASES HELPED.

A Double Disaster:—An ex-Tommy has been out of employment for several months. His helpmeet was forced to enter the workhouse for her confinement, and to add to the unfortunate man's load of worry both his wife and child passed away, leaving the mourner alone in his destitution.

"Awaiting Decision":—Discharged from hospital, an ex-soldier returned to his cheerless home, his wife, and two children. He is awaiting the decision of the Ministry of Pensions, but meantime was suffering from want.

His Agony:—He served abroad but is now a mere discharged soldier out of work, without pension or dole. His little family was starving when a youngster died, and the dread was of a pauper's funeral.

Not the Right Sort:—We were telephoned to concerning a one-armed Mons hero who married a war widow, who, with his family, had been evicted. We inquired and found that he had received one year's pension with his wife; his children were drawing £1 8s. a week from the Ministry, and he was receiving over £1 for the loss of his arm. He owed £64 for rent, and had been in prison several times for rates that he was well able to pay. Nothing doing!

WITH MANY THANKS.

"Nurse" £5; "W" £1; "Z," £1; A. M. M., 15s. 6d.; "Mother K.," 6s. 6d.; "Rorcen" (Carnarvon), 2s. 6d.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; "Nurse B." (Devon), 5s.; "John Bull Reader," 5s.; "Gladys" (S. Walden), 1s.; G. C. (Kirdford), 10d.; T. H. R. (Curry Rivel), 2s. 4d.; F. D. (Reddish), 2s.; T. H. B. (Guildford), 2s.; Miss J. V. H. (Richmond), 1s. 2d.; "Sympathiser," 2s. and clothing; M. P. (Rothbury), 10s.; M. M. J. (Chelsea), 1s.; "Tom" (Malton), 1s.; "One who wishes Women would do more Others" (Middlesex), 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; "An Anglo-Indian" (Baghdad), 4 rupees; H. M. K., £1; "Hamish," 1s.; J. A. (Blyth), 7s. 6d.; M. A. B. (Edinburgh), 5s.; W. G. C. (Canterbury), 1s.; A. H. (Farnhill), 6d.

Don't spend a sleepless night—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

12/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

HARRIS TWEEDS.—Genuine hand-made all-wool, direct from weaver to wearer, 6/- yard; large selection, 56 in. tweeds, 6/- to 8/- yard. Patts. free.—Driver, Dept. 12, Inverness, Scotld.

WORLD'S Cheapest Offer in Stainless Cutlery and Table Plate. Deferred payments or cash discount. Write for Catalogue.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Manufacturers, Sheffield.

WRITING PAYS.—Subject Chart, hundreds of ideas and hints, 3d. stamps.—Procter, Premier School of Journalism, 11, St. Turnstile, W.C.

GREATEST Cycle Sale that has ever taken place. Unparalleled reductions in Cycles, Tyres, Wheels, etc., positively until February 28 only. Send best haste, just state "Catalogue, please," for this unusual money-saving list, to the Mail Order Firm specialists in the Cycle World, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Hucksters, Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Traveller's samples, Catalogues and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Complete Automatic Set, 3/9. Failure absolutely impossible.—Wabern's (P.), Osborne Road, Farnborough, Hants.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 150, Strand, London, W.C.2.

AGENTS WANTED.—Spare time money-making work. Parties free.—Richfords Rubber Stamps, 9, Snow Hill, E.C.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of Samples. Highest commission.—Freedmans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from Makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

WHEN YOUR BUSINESS CALLS FOR MORE TRANSPORT FACILITIES, write to STRAKER-SQUIRE, who are ready to supply real good vehicles at moderate prices.—S. S., Edmonton, N.18.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, carpenters, hospital orderlies, etc. Ages 18 to 50 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 26 civilians. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children. For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Buildings, James Watt Street, Birmingham; or 289, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

CHEAP PRINTING. — Billheads from 6/6. 1,000 Memos, 10/-. Handbills, 11/-. Samples free.—Win-kill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

CYCLE BARGAINS.—High-class ladies' and gent's machines to be cleared at under cost from £4 10s. cash. Big clearance sale of leading Coventry machines. Lists sent on application.—George King (Coventry), Ltd., Coventry.

£300, £400, £500 salary for Certified Bookkeepers; postal tuition, 6s. monthly; success guaranteed two exams.; prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL, and give free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GLOVE LEATHER, sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for list of pelts.—Catt, Northampton.

MARKS, Francs, Lire, Kronen, etc. Foreign Exchange simply explained. How dealings are arranged, 2d., post free, from Dept. D.14, London County Trust, 58, Moorgate, London.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without purchasing stock. Improved scheme, endorsed by business authorities.—Noble Bros., 10, Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

PRINCESS MARY'S FAVOURITE FLOWER is the Sweet Pea. Dees' Favourite blue Sweet Pea is named "PRINCESS MARY." The colour is a beautiful sky blue, shaded ultramarine, and the wings are delicately tinted with a deep mauve, silk like sheen. The Price is 6d. and 1/- per packet.

2/- SEEDS FOR 6d.

This is purely business proposition. There is no "catch." Dees' offer will be cheerfully returned if you are dissatisfied. The cost of producing Dees' photo-colour illustrated catalogue prohibits their being distributed broadcast. It is therefore requested that applications be accompanied by 4d. stamps. In return, besides the catalogue, Dees, Ltd., will send one packet of Sweet Pea "PRINCESS MARY" and a voucher worth another 1/- when you send your order. If you prefer instead of the Sweet Pea, you may have a regular 6d. packet of each of the following: Beet, Lettuce, Lettuce, Parsley, Radish, Rainbow Cauliflower, Tomato, Turnip, saying which seeds you prefer, and whether you desire the Seed or Plant and Bulb Catalogue. Enclose 6d. Stamps.

DEES LTD., 175J, Mill Street, LIVERPOOL.

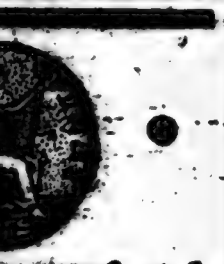
Take my Tip and get Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe.

It's jolly good!

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe
Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe
Coconut-de-Luxe
Cafe-de-Luxe
Mint-de-Luxe
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe
De-Luxe Assortment

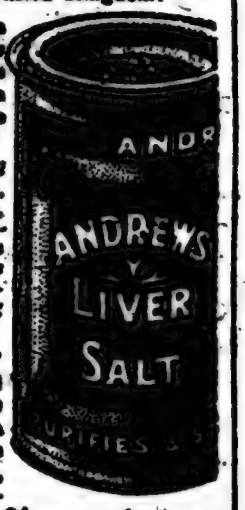
Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe has the largest sale in the world.

Sold loose by weight at 8d. per ¼lb., and in "Baby" Tins 1/3 each, "Tall" Tins 1/3 and 2/6 each, and 4-lb. "Family" Tins.



At the cost of ½d. per day, *per family*, Andrews' safeguards the National Health.

By Britain's choice, Andrews' Liver Salt has become the National Health Safeguard. . . . Andrews' has *by far* the largest sale of any Saline sold in the United Kingdom.



Andrews' is used in countless families to ward off Life's little ills before they have a chance to grow and do real mischief.

Whenever the normal tone is lacking in Father, Mother or the Children, take or give a teaspoonful in a glass of warm water. Repeat the dose for two or three mornings running to bring back healthy cheer.

Used in this Andrews' way, the large Tin will last the average *family* rather more than a month costing, at the current reduced prices, approximately one half-penny per day . . . . Of course there *are* more costly Salines, cheaper ones too, but Public favour indicates Andrews' as being good value and thoroughly reliable. *Paying more is needless; paying less may not be wise.* Be sure you get the *genuine* Andrews' Liver Salt in the familiar green Tin.

REDUCED 1922 PRICES

10d. *USUAL (4-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to: SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Save your Andrews' Lids

Up to March 31st, you can exchange Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins for the Andrews' combined Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, etc.; or for the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case (complete with re-fills).

Send Lids with your name and address distinctly written, on or before March 31st next, indicating whether you need the Tooth Brush or the Pencil Case, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

EASY TERMS & REALLY GOOD TAILORING

Perfect-Fitting LOUNGE SUIT or OVERCOAT FROM

£3:3:

To Measure.

Supplied on First Payment of 8/-, Balance 8/- Monthly.

Smart and serviceable cloths, perfectly cut, excellently made and carefully finished.

Call at any of our Establishments for FREE PATTERNS and Style Booklet and judge for yourself the value we are giving, or write Dept. J.B., stating if overcoat or suit patterns are required and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash.

We can fit you perfectly by post.

BENSONS

57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
189, PICCADILLY, W. (opposite Regd Lane)
167, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
61, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
54, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
220, GOLDHAWK RD., W. (Mr. Shepherd's R. Emp.)
71, 73, 75, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

Benson & Co., Ltd. *Est. 1905.*

GREAT VICTORY OVER RHEUMATISM

THE great victory of an eminent West End specialist's anti-uric-acid prescription is the theme of praise of tens of thousands of one-time sufferers from Rheumatism, Rheumatic-Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Kidney and Bladder trouble.

Men and women who formerly dreaded the early months of the year are now rejoicing in their more or less complete freedom from aches and pains, stiffness, soreness and swelling, and their ability to walk and move about without great torture. Cold winter rains, snows, biting winds and muggy dampness have lost their old power to make joints and muscles full of aches and pains. This is the result of taking **the world's finest prescription remedy for all Uric Acid complaints.**

Practically every sufferer gladly reports that "Urillac Tablets" bring relief within 24 to 48 hours, so wonderful is their action in dissolving the Uric Acid deposits in the joints and muscles.

A 1/3, 3/- or (large size) 5/- box of "Urillac Tablets" will prove that no one need "grin and bear" Uric Acid troubles. Ask or send to your Chemist or Stores for a box of "Urillac Tablets."

Take some to-day. To-morrow—or by the next day—your aches and pains will have died away, the stiffness and soreness and swelling will be less. And daily you will gain an increasing freedom from your Uric Acid enemy.

URILLAC

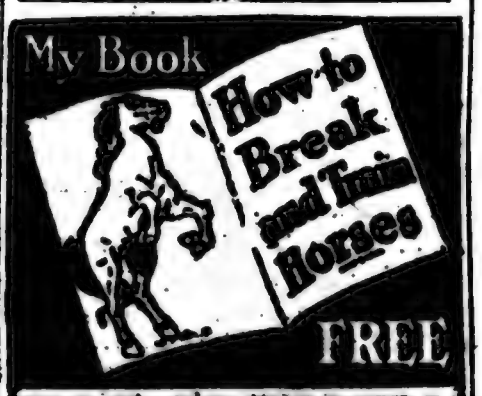
TABLETS.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES,

1s., 3d., 3s., 5s.,

or in case of any difficulty, direct and post free from

The Urillac Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



BIG MONEY IN "ORNERY" HORSES

MY free book will amaze you. See the big money that is being made by those I taught my famous system of horse breaking and training! Wild colts and vicious, unmanageable horses can be picked up for a song. By my methods you can quickly transform them into gentle, willing workers and re-sell them at a big profit. You can also earn big horse breaking coin and training horses for others.

Write! My book is free, postage prepaid. No obligation. A postcard brings it. *Write to-day.*

Prof. JESSE BEATTY, 1022 Wyle Bl., Pleasant Hill, Ohio

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

E. T. (Carlisle).—"I think it is about time something was done to help the working man. So do we, and that's why we are doing it.

W. R. (Mincing Lane, E.C.).—Sorry if we hurt your feelings by referring to The Hague as the capital of Holland. Possibly it would have been technically more correct to speak of it as the seat of government.

E. E. T. (Weston-super-Mare).—"If your years are few your experience is wide." That is what the ladies always tell us when they want to be nasty.

S. V. A. (Wallington).—"No doubt you are a quick scholar." We are, but a slow eater.

C. W. (Elstree).—We agree that great caution is necessary "in a paper open to the public," but we are so invariably discreet that before now we have been asked to take the chair at a Mothers' Meeting.

"METEOR."—We note that you intend to write us again "if you are spared till June." The chances are you will be, if you don't get wet in your feet.

J. F. H. (Bedford Park, W.).—"Thanks for kind acknowledgment of my letter." Not at all. Our manners are exquisite.

"HOLLY BUSH."—"Don't let your typist read this." Bless your soul, we guard her innocence like the apple of our eye.

R. R. (Edinburgh).—"The present Government is rotten." We agree, but under the Party system it seems almost impossible to prevent Governments from decomposing.

G. R. W. (Handcross).—"I admit there are some very interesting articles in JOHN BULL." Perhaps also you will be good enough to concede that your wife has a nose on her face.

T. L. S. (Belfast).—"Now that I have once written you and had a courteous reply, I feel I must go on." So glad, but to liven your letters up a bit you might put in a word about the missus.

W. Y. (Long Eaton).—"I confess I often miss church, but I go through JOHN BULL from cover to cover every Sunday morning." Then you don't miss much else.

J. J. W. (Whitstable).—In reply to your letter, "the well-informed Editor" thanks you for pointing out his mistake, and begs to assure you it is the first he has made for eleven months.

"STUDENT" (Hastings). — "Have you ever read the Tenth Commandment?" We have, and except for one bit, have always kept it.

"ANXIOUS READER."—"I have no objection to my name and address." Nor have we, being very broad-minded.

C. A. N. (Arundel).—"You may never enter a church, never sing a hymn and never read the Bible." As a matter of fact, we have done all three in our time, and a lot of other things that don't sound half as respectable.

E. A. D. (Dolgelly).—Nice and chummy of you to write and tell us about your latest new sweetheart. As time goes on they ought to get better and better in every respect.

MRS. E. A. (Shifnal).—So your husband thinks you are "the better man of the two." Probably he wishes by this time he had bought a canary.

"WILLIAM Y."—We should like your letters better if they were not quite so messed up with sealing wax. There was nothing in the last one that might not have been bawled from the house-tops.

"ANGRY ANN" (Wisbech).—"I dislike the neighbours here and would like a clean sweep." Probably the simplest way would be to ask the one who lives nearest to wash himself.

"LANCASTRIAN."—Present-day costumes are getting more abbreviated at both ends." That is so, but we decline to be inveigled into a questionable discussion.

"SCRIBE."—"Will you please accept my verses? I have some more at home I can send you." We will accept this one, but the others should be sent to the destructor.

J. J. S. (Great Yarmouth).—"Glad your office boy was not above accepting my cards." On the contrary, he poked his head in this morning to ask if you had "bunged in anything more."

"SANDY."—Looks as though you meant to write to us about your "consort," and then changed your mind. But what a name for the missus!

"BRONCHO" (London, N.W.1). — We will agree, if you like, that "the back of the chest" is a correct medical expression. Nevertheless, we think it unsuitable for use in ballrooms.

A. W. (Rochester).—Afraid it would not be easy to direct you to a place where you could obtain "free food and warmth." The warmth is free, as a rule, but food costs money.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Barnsbury). — "I am out of work and married." Sorry to hear it, and we have just reproved a colleague who speaks lightly of your double misfortune.

"FAIR PLAY" (Keswick). — "The British public know the character of Mr. Asquith without any information from you." That's the stuff to give us, and the funny thing is we like it.

"JAP" (Glasgow).—"There are bad foreigners in every big city." That's true, and good 'uns as well, as you sagely point out.

K. C. S. (Southsea).—A man is not necessarily to be despised because he "goes upstairs on all fours." It's better than taking all night over the job.

"CHURCH WORKER."—Very sweet of you to want to tell us what the Minister said to you—but don't you think perhaps a shade indiscreet?

T. T. B. (Hertford).—Glad to hear of your little boy's remarkable progress at school. If he goes on that way he will whack his father.

"AMBITIOUS" (Newquay).—Afraid we can give you no directions for making your son into "a powerful orator." A good voice is essential, and a fair allowance of swank.

S. P. R. (Wigan).—Surely the risk of premature burial is a very slight one. If you doubt it, cremation is a safeguard.

"CAT'S-PAW" (St. Leonard's). — We are much intrigued by your account of the woman who "scarcely ever spoke above her breath." Was it from weakness of the vocal chords or a secretive disposition?

F. A. R. (Northampton).—You should not be too cast down at your failure in public speaking. We could give you the name of a man, now among His Majesty's Ministers, who once emptied the Queen's Hall.

"ELSIE N."—Glad to hear you have perfect teeth, although at the moment, you will admit, it does not intimately concern us. Still, one never knows.

MISS J. A. (Lewes). — Sorry to hear that Professor Huxley failed to acknowledge your recent letter, although we feel that at the present stage of his investigations he could not possibly have done anything.

"BILLEENA."—So glad to hear you were "innocent when eleven years of age." No business of ours to inquire what has happened since.

A. E. H. (Harrogate).—We might have furnished the information you need had you given us your full name and address. Besides, it's rude to be so stand-offish.

"WESTOVER" (Bournemouth). — Thanks for showing us the letter from your young Egyptian friend. Between ourselves, he seems rather sweet on you.

"HAPPY WITH ONE" (Maesteg).—We note that you have no use for Mormon doctrines. Did you write to inform us or to please your husband?

"ALICE."—"Can you, dear Editor, persuade one of your staff or yourself to come down to my place and accompany me on the fiddle?" Sorry, none of us musical except the office boy, and he can play only the Jew's harp.

H. J. (Sheffield).—"I quite agree with the medical examination of dirty children." Seems hardly a job for a doctor, unless they are dirty inside.

"A LITTLE COMFORTER."—Glad to hear your husband is in work, which is good news in these days. Did he choose your *nom-de-plume*?

"BULLITE" (Keith).—"Lang may yer lum reek." Same to you, and all the skin off your nose.

W. A. W. (Tiverton).—"Knowing the interest you take in everything put before you——" Such is the perversity of human nature that anything put behind us interests us twice as much.

"SAMSON" (Leeds).—"Some things are better spoken than written." Or, as one might put it, you can say many things in the backyard that you can't put in print.

F. G. J. (Redditch).—"My neighbour doesn't have to get up till nine o'clock." Perhaps it takes him longer than you to digest his over-night nourishment.

L. R. R. (Shoreham).—"I am well aware that the nature of the Bull tribe is to chew the cud." None of your sauce, now!

"MACADAM."—Looks as though you have learnt chunks of our "Letter Bag" by heart. Expect your friends regard you as a bit of a wag, don't they?

S. T. (Wolverhampton).—"In these days the maids know as much as the matrons." Perhaps so, but it's not a thing we can talk about in mixed company.

"READER" (Montreal).—Thanks for the American news cuttings. We must keep an eye on William Randolph Hearst.

"SILVER BADGE" (Cardiff).—So you think the initials O.A.P. should stand for Old Age Pittance. More accurate, we agree.

"READER" (Wellington).—"I would love to see a 'Bulleta' prize come into this town." Buck up and win one.

"ASTONISHED" (Aberdeen).—Why do you write about a "party" when you mean an individual? You'll be talking next about a party getting into bed.

G. C. (King's Cross, N.).—We do not know of any Russian singer who calls herself Polly Hopkins, but if we come across the lady in our nocturnal peregrinations you shall be duly informed.

MRS. L. M. (Chatham).—Don't be hurt because your husband grumbles at your handwriting. Bet there was a time when he thought it was the prettiest thing on earth.

C. H. A. (Warwick).—Like you, we disbelieve the story of the couple who were said to have been married in a taxi-cab. At the most, a preliminary skirmish.

"ANON." (Bury).—Your welcome donation to our "Greatest of These——" Fund was received and duly acknowledged in the issue of JOHN BULL dated November 19th last. Once more, our most hearty thanks.

MR. JOSEPH COLLARD (45, Glasshouse Street, W.)—apropos of our recent paragraph "Late or Never?"—tells us that he has no connection whatever with the Regent Music Publishing Co. of that address, and has never received letters intended for the concern, whose office is on a different floor, gained by a separate entrance. We have pleasure in publishing this disclaimer.

"NERVOUS."—"They say there's no peace for the wicked." They do, but possibly you can disprove it.

W. F. D. (Peterborough).—"What is the difference between an ache and a pain?" A pain is an ache in a hurry.

"OLD READER" (Bradford).—So you think your Town Council might have employed ex-Service men to sweep the snow away instead of throwing the duty on householders. Apparently they saw no reason to deviate from a long standing rule.

D. D. T. (Wells).—"The only way politics can be made clean and honest is to let the women do it." If you are of the male persuasion, you ought to be pole-axed.

M. R. R. (Liverpool).—"Since writing to you I have had three more visions." Change your pub!

"ANTI-BUNKUM."—"Why don't the newspapers give us news instead of 'stunts'?" You may take it from us that for the most part the newspapers give the public what the public wants.

T. E. M. (Winnipeg).—There is doubtless wisdom in the Biblical maxim, "Cast not your pearls before swine," although to adduce this verse as a reason for sending us no more poetry strikes us as a shade uncivil.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Your troubles will end in smoke if you "Write to JOHN BULL about it."

3 BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

BRITISH GOVT. SURPLUS GOODS at 1/3rd ORDINARY PRICE

£700,000 is represented in these huge Government deals. 1.—GENUINE British Government Woollen Vests and Pants at 5/- each. 2.—GENUINE British Government Army Flannel Shirts at 5/6 each. And 3.—PERFECT ALL-LEATHER BOOTS, fully warranted at 51 per pair. A triple half-price offer that has never been equalled.

These Goods are absolutely unobtainable elsewhere.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT UNDERWEAR.

Bolsom Bros. have acquired the entire surplus stock of the British Government Underwear—made in the usual civilian pattern for British Officers and men to stand every test.

JEALOUS of our success, imitators try to duplicate our offers—do not be misled, there can be only one supply of British Government Underwear which is in our possession.

NEARLY TWO MILLION GARMENTS

were secured, made by Britain's finest manufacturers, stamped with the date of manufacture and bearing the maker's name. Each garment is perfect, made to Government specification and passed by Government experts—this is your guarantee of value.

THIS OFFER can NEVER be REPEATED. You must secure a supply now or lose the opportunity for ever. When the stocks are sold they cannot be replaced.

SEND order and remittance at once, enclosing 5/- for each garment, and postage extra as follows: 1 or 2 garments 1/-, 4 garments 1/3, 6 garments 1/9, 8 garments 2/-. Larger quantities carriage free. Register Treasury Notes. All post orders dispatched immediately.

If calling, note our address, 129, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2 All buses pass the door.

5/- PER GARMENT

WOOLLEN VESTS.

All have long sleeves, as illustrated. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. In Light, Medium, or Heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

WOOLLEN PANTS. To Ankle.

Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. In Light, Medium or Heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

BRITISH GOVERNMENT FLANNEL SHIRTS.

Bolsom Bros. have acquired the last million Army real Flannel Shirts which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well cut and finished and strongly made, they cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in Grey and Natural flannel. Post orders should be sent at once enclosing extra for postage as above. These shirts are unprecedented value.

5/6

State size of collar usually worn.

YOU SHOULD ACT QUICKLY

If you wish to secure the boot bargains illustrated below. No boots to equal them have ever been offered at 20/- per pair. Solid leather throughout, they are the ideal boots for extra hard continuous wear in all weathers, for every purpose and occupation.

The Genuine Double Sole Waterproof South African Field Boot is smart in appearance, not too heavy, and can be had either in Real Black Box Calf or Real Tan Willow Calf at 20/—they are honestly worth double the price.

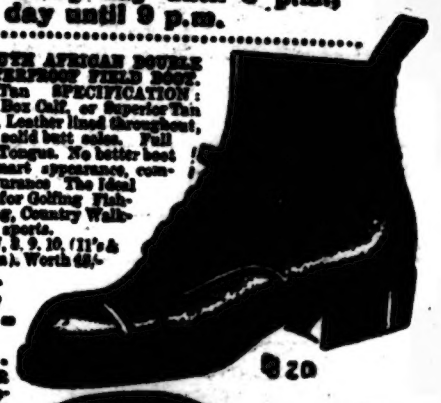
The Field Mounted Service Boot is also without question the biggest boot bargain ever offered. The other styles of footwear described below are equally great value, and whichever you may select can be relied upon to give the utmost satisfaction.

Not many thousand pairs remain, SO POST YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY WHILST THERE IS EVERY SIZE IN STOCK OR CALL. Open every day until 8 p.m., Saturday all day until 9 p.m.

No. 70. NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT. SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained Uppers screwed and stitched to heel. Full water-tight Tongue. 2 single solid butt soles, solid all leather heels. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Our Price Per Pair, postage 2/- extra. Without question the Biggest Boot Bargain ever offered Worth 80/- **20/-**

No. 70

B.B. No. SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATERPROOF FIELD BOOT. In Black or Tan. SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf or Superior Tan Calf Uppers, Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles. Full Waterproof Tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking, and all sports. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's & 12's 1/- extra). Worth 65/- Our Price. **20/-**



B20

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS. 1. Dampproof filling between upper and first sole. 2. Stout first all leather sole. 3. Paisley waterproof layer between the two soles. 4. Stout Solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp proof. *See that the three stamps are on the soles. No others genuine.*

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS.

W.D. 76—BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no cap regulation Army Boot, as illustrated. Specification: Real Kip Grained Uppers, waterproof, 2 single solid butt soles, screwed and stitched to heel, flobbed as shown. Worth in to-day's market double. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Our Price **20/-** Laces Free

B.76

No.72—OFFICERS' NEW TAN DERBY BOOT, as illustrated. Specification: Real Tan Calf Uppers. Finest quality leather throughout. Leather lined right through to toe. Solid butt sole. The Ideal Winter Boot for every purpose. Worth double. Also in Black. Our Price **20/-** Laces Free Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's 1/- extra).

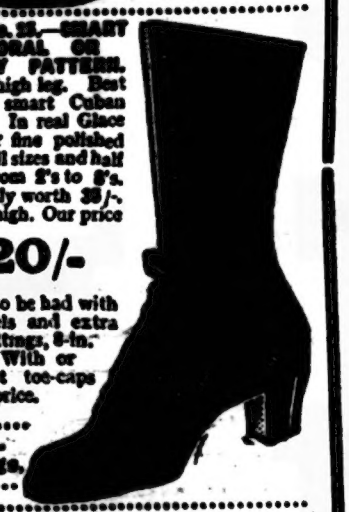
No.72

B.B. No. 68.—LADIES EXTRA HIGH LEG LAND AND SPORTS BOOT. Derby pattern, Black. With first quality full chrome uppers and stout waterproof soles; guaranteed all Leather. These boots are specially built for comfort and endurance and made according to specification in the finest Northamptonshire factories to meet the need of those requiring a stout all-leather boot for use in all weathers. As a Sports Boot it is unequalled. Usual price 40/-. Our price **20/-**

This boot can also be had in the following materials:—Real Glace Kid, Real Box Calf and Real Willow Calf, welted, and beautifully finished, all at **20/-**

B.B. No. 25.—SMART BALMORAL OR DERBY PATTERN. Extra high leg. Best make, smart Cuban heels. In real Glace Kid or fine polished Calf. All sizes and half sizes from 2's to 8's. Honestly worth 35/-. 10-in. high. Our price **20/-**

Can also be had with flat heels and extra wide fittings, 8-in. high. With or without toe-caps same price.



Ladies' sizes and half-sizes 2's to 8's all fittings.

POST your order NOW to the largest Boots-by-post business in the World with 20/- for each pair and 1/3 extra for postage (No. 70 2/- extra) stating number and size required, and your order will be sent by post without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Order payable to BOLSOM BROS. In the rare event of the boots not fitting perfectly, we will exchange them with pleasure; or if you do not approve of them you can return them within seven days, and your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

BOLSOM BROS. (Dept. 13) GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DEPOT. 129, Strand, London, W.C.2

BOLSOM BROS., (Dept. 13) 109 & 157, Strand, London, W.C.2

BULLETS

2nd Prize £20

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2 10s.

25 Prizes of 10s.

£250

FIRST PRIZE

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £10

100 Prizes of 5s.

500 Prizes of 2/6

2000 TARGET PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet:—Wife Thinks Until Later. Competitors may send in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 438.

WHAT PREMIER LIKES	OUT OF IRELAND	IRISH STEW	ONLY WAY OUT
CHEAPER AND BETTER	RUDE REMARK	ODDS ON	BROTHERLY LOVE
MODERN COUPLE	NEAR AND DEAR	DOUBTFUL	EXTINCT
OUR TURN NEXT	FATHER'S POCKET	HONEST MAN	SKIN AND SKIN
BEER AND TOBACCO	NO SUCH THING	ALL PUT	NOT MARRIED
PLAYING FOR SAFETY	SINGING SMALL	WELL EARNED	BALD HEAD
SLEEPING ON	TAUGHT A LESSON	NEXT DOOR	FRESH TO-DAY
WHAT A PITY	OLD HANDS	LONG RUN	A FRAUD

Closing Date, Thursday, February 23rd.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(439) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 23rd.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(439) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 439, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 23rd.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(439) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 23rd.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(439) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 440.

THE GEDDES AXE—IN UTAH—LLOYD GEORGE'S FUTURE—OUR GIRLS—WHEN ON HONEYMOON—LITTLE HARY—NO RESTRICTIONS—WHAT WE'RE COMING TO—PAINTING THE PICTURE—JUST FOR FUN—THE DISTRESS—WHEN LABOUR RULES—THE BEGGINS—GILDING THE PILL—MERRY WIDOW—THE BEST TAX—ART AND NATURE—A HERO—INSIDE AND OUTSIDE—HAPPILY WED.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 9th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **440** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **440**, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 439.

List of Ten-Guinea Prize Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 437 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of Prize Winners and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

Result of 437th Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. H. BRADWOOD,
Folds Road, Stoneclough.

Example:—Jolly Dog.
Bullet:—Asquith—Until Margot Returns.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. BLACKFLOWER,
Norwood, Shortfield Road, Walton-on-Thames.
Example:—On Safe Side.
Bullet:—Hid Fifer In "Shakespeare."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Miss L. STEVENS,
16, Ash Grove, Mare Street, Hackney, S.E.
Example:—Unsafe.
Bullet:—The "Bigger Percentage" To-Day.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Miss E. Dally, 20, Headland Park, Mutley, Plymouth: Speak 5 Volumes Premier's The 'Best Seller.'"
Mr. J. Masters, 82, Carlyle Rd., South Ealing, London: Up and Doing—Not Necessary In Poplar.
Mr. F. Edwards c.o. Bank, 90, Lupin St., Birmingham: We Hope That—Scientist Wins Germ War.
Mrs. A. V. Sheppeard, 3, Lushington Rd., Harlesden: Handy Man—Mustn't Become Idle Jack.
Mr. S. Gosslyn, 33, Hovedon Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.2: False Friend—On Stage—Overpaid Star.
Mr. M. Holden, 4, Afan St., Port Talbot, South Wales: Poor Beggar—Wired Feet—Forgot Mouth.
Ethel Chapman, 11, Chester Rd., nr. Canford Cliff, Dorset: On Our Backs — Through Getting "Legs Pulled."
Mrs. F. H. Miller, 62, Vincent Sq., Westminster: Half The Battle—Aeroplanes—Other Half Tanks.
Mr. C. Williams, 16, Platts Cres., Ambiecote, Stourbridge: Handy Man—If Statesmanship Required—Balfour.
Mrs. F. Grist, 4, Brewer St., Woolwich, S.E.18: Half The Battle—When Ally Public Opinion.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. H. Acer, 164, Hollydale Rd., Peckham, S.E.15: What Geddes Has Done—Given Joker Formidable Weapon.
Mr. E. Pickin, 23, York Rd., Church Gresley, nr. Burton-on-Trent: As Others See Us—See The French Newspapers.
Mr. J. W. Scringer, 18, Station Cotts., South Shields: Big Draw—Removes One From Rut.
Mr. D. H. Shergold, 55, Birch St., Swindon: Waiting To Settle—Everybody's Quarrels—Britain Apparently.
Mr. A. G. Wilford, Church La., Winthorpe, Skegness, Lincs.: Breaking The Ice—Easy When Atmosphere Congenial.
Mr. T. Humphrey, 46, Cloth Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne: Brings Trouble—Taxation That Destroys Incentive.
Mr. J. Baker, 48, Gonville Rd., Bootle: Rough Diamond—Seldom The Illicit Dealer.
Mrs. L. Fox, The Marsh, Gt. Horkesley, nr. Colchester: Picking Up—Must "Cut Down" First.
Mr. J. A. Morrison, 57, Blackwater Rd., Eastbourne: False Friend—India May Find Gandhi.
Mr. H. Easton, 3, Ethelbert Terr., Margate: As Others See Us—Mirror Edison Should Invent.

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 439 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."**

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS OF FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premiums charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address .....

February 18, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....

(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

Home Address.....

February 18, 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE £1,000 SMILE!

Mr. [illegible] "by Guess," Birbeck Tredegar, Mon., winner of £1,000 in "Bullets" Competition No. 436.

Biggest EXCLUSIVE Football Prize!

£1,000

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 MUST BE WON. This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Mar. 2nd, will be disqualified. Employees of the paper conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 21, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 18 will be found on page 12.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 2nd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 4th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Oldham A.	v.	Burnley			
Crystal Palace	v.	West Ham U.			
Bradford	v.	W'hampton W.			
Sheffield W.	v.	South Shields			
Northampton	v.	Portsmouth			
Aberdare A.	v.	Luton Town			
Watford	v.	Plymouth A.			
Nelson	v.	Grimsby Town			
Chesterfield	v.	Stockport C.			
Hartlepools U.	v.	Accrington S.			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(21) SIGNED .....

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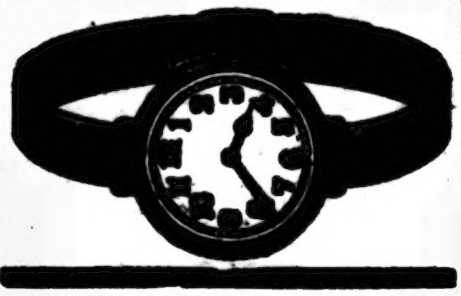

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Prices again reduced—Quality fully maintained.

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CLARNICO

It is not the LIVER It is INDIGESTION

In STOMACH and BOWEL

CICFA restores DIGESTION.

When you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes all that trouble because CICFA restores DIGESTION.

HERE IS THE REASON.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

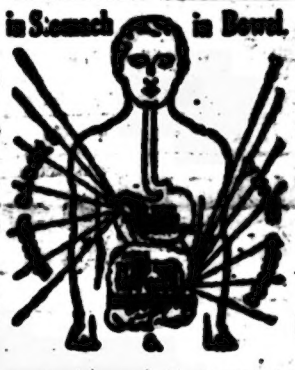
Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any Remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa restores Digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, ensures the formation of such digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with pimples or Boils.
EATING distilled. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS in Stomach



in Bowel

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

A CHEMIST FOR 40 YEARS

never recommended patent medicines, but he recommends and uses Cicfa.

Read what he says:

8th Feb., 1919.

"I am writing to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from Cicfa. I have been a sufferer from Indigestion for some time, and have tried many remedies without effect. A friend persuaded me to try Cicfa, and the result has been marvellous. All fermentation of food with flatulence has disappeared, and I look forward with pleasure to a meal instead of dread, as formerly. I HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS AS A CHEMIST FOR OVER 40 YEARS, and have never recommended patent medicines, but I can with confidence advise any sufferer from Indigestion to give Cicfa a trial."

(Signed) "G."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa. Hundreds of them have written us of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When thousands of British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.

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John Bull, 18-2-22.

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